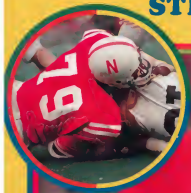


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 11, 1972 60 CENTS

NEBRASKA GOES FOR THREE STRAIGHT



**COACH
BOB DEVANEY**

RCA XL-100 takes out a major cause of TV repairs.

And adds the strongest color TV guarantee in RCA history.



The XL-100s. 100% Solid State.

XL-100 model GR-802, "Royalton" (20" diagonal)—Simulated tv reception.

Chassis tubes are a major cause of TV repairs. So RCA presents more than 50 models without a single chassis tube.



RCA plug-in AccuCircuit

Tubes get hot and weaken with age. RCA XL-100s don't have chassis tube problems because they don't have chassis tubes. XL-100s are 100% solid state.

Most set functions are controlled by RCA's 12 plug-in AccuCircuits. They're solid state—designed to keep cool, last longer, and be easy to service. Solid state color is the most advanced you can get. And RCA builds more, sells more, offers more models than anyone in America. All backed with...

A stronger guarantee because...

1. You get a full year on parts (picture tube—2 years) and labor. Most other color TV models are not 100% solid state—and give you only 90 days on labor.
2. You choose any serviceman you want. Most

other warranties limit you to an authorized list.

3. RCA encourages your serviceman to do his best work by paying him at his going rate. Most others set a maximum payment.

100% brighter picture.

XL-100s are 100% brighter than our comparable sets of 3 years ago. Every console and table model has RCA's black matrix picture tube. You get the kind of sharp, vivid color you'd expect from the people who pioneered color TV.

Simple automatic tuning.

RCA XL-100s have a fiddle-free tuning system—with a flexibility feature most other sets don't have. RCA's AccuMatic color monitor makes it simple to custom tune color to your individual preference... and keep it that way.

Your XL-100 guarantee.

Here are the basic provisions: If anything goes wrong with your new XL-100 within a year



RCA black matrix picture tube

from the day you buy it—and it's our fault—we'll pay to have it fixed. This includes regular labor charges plus parts (new or, at our option, rebuilt). Use only service shop in which you have confidence—no need to pick from an authorized list. If your set is a portable, you take it in for service. For longer sets, a serviceman will come to your home. Present the warranty registration your dealer provided when you bought your set, and RCA will pay the repair bill. If the picture tube becomes defective during the first two years, we will exchange it for a rebuilt tube. (We pay for installation during the first year—you pay for it in the second year.) RCA's "Purchaser Satisfaction" warranty covers every set defect. It doesn't cover installation, foreign use, antenna systems or adjustment of customer controls.

Color you can count on.

RCA XL-100
100% SOLID STATE



We also sell it to bookkeepers.

But the people who really love it and buy it are people whose main business is not calculating. That's because we make it simple, make it quality.

Our happy users include a blimp navigator, a heavyweight boxer and many other interesting people. Write Craig for more information and a list of other users. And see your Craig dealer right away.



The Craig 4501 Pocket Calculator has features like built-in rechargeable batteries and protective carrying case as standard. No extra charge. It's even more compact than you'd expect. Only 3" wide, 5 1/4" long and an incredible 1 1/4" slim. You can add, subtract, multiply and divide to your heart's content—even chain multiply. And there is a special switch for repeated multiplication and division by a single pre-selected constant. In addition to the permanent batteries there is a power cord provided for AC operation. The snap action keyboard combined with the bright, easy-to-read electronic numerals make it a pleasure to count sheep, figure out the grocery bill, or even balance the check book.

**CRAIG,
BUSINESS EQUIPMENT**

Craig Corporation, 921 W. Arroyo Blvd.,
Compton, Calif. 90220

**Everything you need to know about insurance is
right there in the policy.**

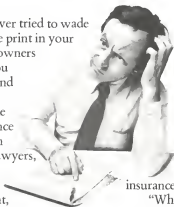
**Unfortunately, it's written in a language most people
can't understand.**

If you've ever tried to wade through the fine print in your health or homeowners or life policy, you deserve some kind of medal.

Because the fact is, an insurance policy is written in legalese. By lawyers, for lawyers. And because it's a legal document, it has to be that way.

In view of this necessary but unfortunate situation, we set up The Travelers Office of Consumer Information last year. A place you could call to have the mysteries of insurance explained in plain English, without any risk of getting sold something in the process.

Since then, we've had over 40,000 telephone calls and letters. And because we suspect there must be hundreds of thousands



more of you out there with similar confusions, we've put together a booklet with answers to the most important questions people have been asking us.

Questions like, "Why do some insurance claims take so long to collect?"

"If I submit a claim, will my insurance automatically be canceled?"

"What is no-fault auto insurance?"

"What's this health care they're talking about in Washington?"

For your free copy, or answers to any questions or problems about insurance, just give us a call.



Call toll-free weekdays, from 9 to 5 Eastern Time, at **(800) 243-0191**. In Connecticut call collect at **277-6565**.

Or you can write, if you prefer, to The Travelers Office of Consumer Information, One Tower Square, Hartford, Connecticut 06115.



THE TRAVELERS

Contents

SEPTEMBER 11, 1972 Volume 37, No. 11

16 Red Faces in Canada

In a week of Russian ups and downs, the biggest up was an upset over Canada's NHL stars

20 Olympics: Lose One, Win One

Along with its failures at Munich, the U.S. did have Mark Spitz, its wrestler and a young runner from Ohio

34 A Steamroller Ride to the Summit

Bobby Fischer's prophecy came true in a way even he could not have foreseen as he demolished Boris Spassky

College Football 1972

- 40 Everyone is gunning for Nebraska
- 42 The color and excitement of a big weekend
- 52 SI's football staff picks the Top 20
- 66 The Independents
- 72 The Conferences
- 78 The Small Colleges
- 88 New Tricks for an Old Bear

85 Best of the Hatch

Emerson Fitzipaldi proved he could smoke the others out. Trouble was, there were few others

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 106 For the Record |
| 80 Baseball | 109 19th Hole |
| 85 Motor Sports | |



SPECTRUM ILLUSTRATIONS is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 541 North Dearborn Court, Chicago, IL 60611; principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020; James B. Shepley, President; Richard B. McKinnough, Treasurer; Charles E. Durr, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized to receive class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each Subscription price in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean Islands \$12.00 a year; ordinary postpaid anywhere in the world \$8.50 a year; all others \$16.00 a year.

Credits on page 106

Next week

PRO FOOTBALL BEGINS with scouting reports, Tom Maule's season roundup and in-depth views of Oakland Tackle Boomer Brown and the Cowboys' coach, Tom Landry.

THE OLYMPICS END, and the triumphs and disasters of Munich are vividly clothed in words and color photographs. Plus complete charts of the 1972 Olympic medal winners.

QUESTIONS POSED at Forest Hills. Can Stan defend against Laver and other pros who were absent last year? Is Chris ready to win? Tune in Curry Kirkpatrick and find out.

1919
Join the Navy and see the world

HAILING YOU
for



*Service, Travel, Trade-
Instruction*

NAVY PAY RAISED

Bonus for former Navy Men

APPLY NAVY RECRUITING STATION

This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

Join the Navy



1972

and find your place in the world



The new Navy still gives young men (and women, too!) a chance to see the world. But now there's much more. To those who qualify, the new Navy offers some of the best training in hundreds of jobs in important, interesting fields. From computer technology and electronics to welding and aviation mechanics. The kinds of jobs a man can build a world of his own on—inside the Navy or out.

Newcomers start out at \$288 a month plus education, food, housing, clothing and health care. If immediate advanced training isn't your goal, there are many other reasons for joining the new Navy. Travel. New three-year enlistment with guaranteed choice of East or West Coast. The join-now, report-six-months-later plan.

If you're looking for a special place in the world—or know someone who is—send in the attached coupon to find out more about what makes the new Navy new. Or call (toll free) 800-424-8880.

Be someone special in **The New Navy**

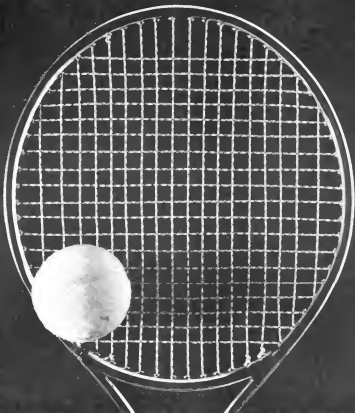
Get away from the crowd.
Get the flavor you want in
Old Gold Filters.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '72.

Reserve a Chevy from National and no telling what you'll get.



Don't worry, you'll get the Chevy.
A nice new '72 Chevy. Or, if you'd
rather, some other fine car.

But what you get afterwards, that's for
you to say.

Because after you rent a car from us,
we don't just smile and say thanks. We
smile and say thank you with Green
Stamps. Yep, good old S&H Green Stamps.

And if you're in the habit of renting

cars often, it doesn't take long for those
stamps to really amount to something.

In fact, we've known our regular
customers to redeem their stamps for
things like a power lawnmower, an
outboard motor, better golf clubs than
they thought they could afford.



Take advantage of us.

Take a look at an S&H catalogue and
you'll get the idea.

One more thing deserves mentioning.
It doesn't matter to us whether you
pay cash for your rental or charge it. The
Green Stamps are yours.

Unless your wife sweet talks you out
of them.

To reserve a car in the U.S. or elsewhere
in the world call 800-325-4567 toll free.



STEED

POWER TO YOUR CAR

The Steed Power Package is like no other group of additives. Steed is compounded of products which when added to your vehicle will neutralize corrosive acids and prevent harmful buildups. Steed, unique and effective!

Steed Fuel Conditioner cleans your car's fuel tank, lines too, and reduces gums and varnish. **Steed Oil Conditioner** improves motor oil lubrication and reduces piston friction. **Steed Transmission and Power Steering Conditioner** impedes the formation of sludge and increases seal softness to smooth your car's performance. **Steed Radiator Conditioner** prevents rust buildup and increases both the heating and cooling capacity of permanent anti-freeze to keep your engine going strong whatever the weather.

when you make your next pit stop... Ask for STEED

An advertisement for Jarman boots. The background features a couple in formal evening wear dancing on a rooftop terrace at night, with a city skyline and lights visible in the distance. In the foreground, three different styles of Jarman boots are displayed on a white surface. Two are reddish-brown leather ankle boots, and one is a black and white saddle shoe. The text 'The Fashion Boots by Jarman' is prominently displayed, followed by a descriptive paragraph about the collection. The Jarman logo and tagline 'The Step-ahead Styles' are at the bottom left of the text area.

The Fashion Boots by Jarman

This season, the fashion boot is the fashion boot, and Jarman has the biggest, most beautiful collection ever! Boots for suits, boots for sportswear, boots for town, boots for weekending. Boots that are sleek and elegant. Boots that are ruggedly held. Jarman's got them all... much, right now for your selection.

Jarman
The Step-ahead Styles

Let us night, J4594, J2503, J4814, or Jarman shoes you're right in style and two feet deep in comfort. Most styles \$15 to \$30.
JARMAN SHOE CO., NASHVILLE, TENN. • A DIVISION OF  THE APPAREL COMPANY

YOUR PASS TO THE PRESS BOX!

Sports Illustrated and Pro Football Weekly have created a totally new publication that is certain to give pro football fans everywhere a whole new perspective on The Game—the PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW.

Here, for the first time, is a complete review of the past season in professional football—the results of every play run by each of the 26 NFL teams in every regular and post-season game, including the 1972 Super Bowl—all in one informative, entertaining, and easy-to-use reference book. The new PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW is literally like viewing every NFL game from a Press Box seat!

Play-By-Play Of Every Game On Easy-To-Read Charts

Each of the 191 games featured in the PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW has been charted to give you the results of every play in sequence—just as the game was played on the field. A simple color-coding system lets you get right into the action—and follow it—quickly and accurately. You'll see how each game was won or lost—when and how the "momentum" changed—and who came up with the big play to change it.

Complete Team Rosters—Individual And Team Statistics

The all-new PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW contains 26 pages of NFL team rosters—listing every player, his uniform number, position, height, weight, years as a pro, college attended, games played, games injured, games on the move list, and total points scored. Another 26 pages contain the most complete individual and team statistics available in book form. The stats for each game—as well as the season totals—cover virtually every category of interest to pro fans, from first-downs to fumbles lost.

The REVIEW also gives you a summary of Canadian Football League action, including the play-by-play of the

Grey Cup Games—as well as a wrap-up of the Atlantic Coast Football League season.

Top Writers Review The NFL Season

Some of the game's finest writers have combined their talents to give you a fascinating review of last year's NFL season. From the first week of play in September—right through the Super Bowl in January—they trace the development of the season and point out the major turning points that started some teams on the road to the Playoffs—and others on the road to nowhere.

1972 NFL Schedule & Draft Picks

To help you get your Crystal Ball in shape for this season the PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW also includes the complete 1972 NFL Schedule, plus a list of each team's college draft selections. Take a look. See who's still with your team!

Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Pro Football!

The all-new PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW has it all! And it costs just \$4.95! To order your copy simply fill out the coupon below and mail it (along with your check or money order) to:

PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW
Box 1065, Darien, Connecticut 06820

Please send me PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW(S)
at \$4.95 each

☐ U.S. check or money order for \$ _____
☐ Enclosed (Add 50¢ to cover postage and handling in the U.S.)

PRO FOOTBALL REVIEW



BOX 1065 • DARIEN, CONN. 06820

Name

Address

City

State Zip

(Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.)



The high-powered executive.

Bob Gilman is vice president, and general manager, west coast operations for Vita Foods.

"You keep plugging away in business and plugging away. And then all of a sudden, pow, you hit on a great thing. And that's a tremendous feeling.

"Seattle is a good town for a family. We use this Chrysler more than any other car we've had... up in the mountains weekends... all over. A fine, fine car.

"My Chrysler dealer looks after it, so it must have

Champion Spark Plugs. They're original equipment on Chrysler.

"Now, what can I do for you?"



Telstar, Ohio 43081

20 million people have switched to Champion Spark Plugs.

SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE HANGING JOUGE

The superior job ABC-TV is doing with the Olympic Games—the camera work is particularly impressive—was badly marred by Howard Cosell's treatment of Stan Wright, the track coach whose grievous error forced two U.S. athletes out of the 100-meter dash. The sprinters, Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, though stunned with disappointment, acted with poise and dignity in their interview with Cosell. They displayed little bitterness or rancor, although in response to a direct question Robinson said, yes, he felt the blame was Coach Wright's. When Cosell then interviewed Wright, he said Robinson had declared the coach "the culprit," a semantic switch that hardly reflected the words or tone the runner had used.

Cosell relentlessly badgered the obviously suffering Wright, even though the coach had already accepted responsibility for the incident. The gratuitous "commentary" that followed the interview was cruel and unnecessary. Cosell seems to think himself a crusading district attorney, and his behavior in the Wright interview brought keenly to mind the gibe of sportswriter Larry Merchant, who once mockingly saluted the pretenacious broadcaster for "making the world of fun and games sound like the Nuremberg Trials."

THE SECOND TIME AROUND

Occasionally there comes out of college football a small tale which refutes the belief that sport is the tail wagging the dog of education.

This one is about 21-year-old Billy Walker of the University of Nebraska at Omaha, a black football player recruited from Morristown, N.J. UNO is a commuter school, and the free ride there consists solely of tuition and books.

A fullback, Walker was elected co-captain for the 1971 season, but he didn't play. He was ineligible. He had flunked too many courses.

"There is no one to blame but Billy

Walker," said Billy Walker. "I did real well my first two years. No honor list, but I was holding my own in a place totally strange to me. Then I started goofing off, skipping classes and the like. I had 24 hours of flunk, no scholarship help and no prospects."

His inclination was to return to New Jersey, feel sorry for himself and take to the streets. But friends, among the most influential of whom was Phil Wise, a former UNO teammate who is now a kick return specialist with the New York Jets, advised him to return to school. So Walker got a part-time job and re-enrolled to repeat those failed 24 hours. Aside from two regular semesters, he took two more terms in summer school.

On a Friday he got his grades: C in both courses. The next Monday he checked out equipment for his final season with the UNO team. He won't be co-captain, but he did learn something.

"Self-discipline," he said. "I want that degree and I know I'll get it."

OF HORSES AND MEN

Racetrack tales of horses being doped to make them run faster have no validity, according to a French study reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, which has devoted an issue to the Olympics and athletics in general.

Over five years, the French scientists reported, they tried almost all the drugs implicated in horse doping and were unable to find one that could hypo a horse's speed or consistently improve its performance.

The same goes for human athletes, reported Dr. Donald L. Cooper, director of the Oklahoma State University Hospital and Clinic in Stillwater, who declared that in his experience "there is no good scientific evidence in all of the [medical] literature that any of these [drug] substances really helps the athletic performance of anyone." What happens is that such drugs as amphetamines, stimulating the brain's pleasure centers,

make the athlete feel good, convincing him that he is doing better than usual, when in fact he may be doing poorly.

Dr. Cooper told of a former professional football player who used "benzies" twice in his career and got thrown out of both games for overaggressive, rough play.

"He thought at the time that he was the greatest defensive linebacker ever," Dr. Cooper said. Game films showed otherwise.

THE DOG HAS HIS DAY

Not too many hotels admit dogs as guests, but Bob Fletcher, operator of Hall Hotel in Thornton-le-Dale, England, says he prefers them to people. For excellent reasons:

- 1) Dogs do not try to kiss chambermaids.
- 2) They do not steal ashtrays.
- 3) They do not get drunk.



- 4) They do not use face towels to clean shoes.
- 5) They do not burn sheets while smoking in bed.
- 6) They do not complain.

TRY THE FOREIGN LEGION, FELLAS

Before the 1972 season, American Legion headquarters in Indianapolis ruled that players in the Legion's baseball program must not wear their hair so long as to interfere with the proper wearing of a baseball cap or a protective batting helmet. It seemed sensible enough, but it turned out that the rulemakers were not so much worried about protective headgear as about a hairstyle they just

continued



best of both worlds

Bicycling in the city is no fun, and transporting your bike to peddling country is a hassle. With Folding HaverBike you can now have best of both worlds. Simply fold it and put it in your car. When you get there, snap it up and pedal off for fun and healthful exercise. HaverBike weighs only 35 lbs. and measures 30x28x11" when folded—two fit in trunk of standard car. Splendid Italian import has double loop frame, rustproof hardware, Pirelli tires and stainless steel rims, and double caliper brakes. Comes with pump, bell, headlamp, taillamp, reflector pedals, sidestand and tool kit as standard equipment. Fully adjustable—size fits men, women and children. Get Folding HaverBike today and bring snap to weekends and vacations. Available in blue or red.

Please send me _____ Folding HaverBikes
for \$99.95 in _____ color. My check on this
amount, plus \$8.00 per bike for freight and
insurance, is enclosed. California deliveries
please add tax. I return in two weeks for full
credit or refund if not delighted. MasterCharge
or BankAmericard welcome.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
MC or BA # _____
Card expires _____
Signature _____

haverhills

554 Washington St., San Francisco, Ca. 94101
(415) 398-1111

SCORECARD

don't like, a style that would not have been considered at all fitting—out of uniform, in fact—in World War I.

The rule dictates that the players' hair, including sideburns no longer than the bottom of the earlobe, must be well groomed and neatly trimmed about the ears and the back of the neck at all times and that players' faces must be clean-shaven.

When the season began, some officials enforced the rule and thereby lost players. Others looked the other way. But when teams from Quincy, Arlington Milford and East Springfield met to decide the Eastern Massachusetts championship, the Legion's state baseball chairman announced that he would enforce the rule.

And so he did. Players from Arlington and Quincy were required to pass in review before him. He ruled against so much hair that, in pursuit of an out-moded conformity, the game was delayed for half an hour.

Outlawed players cut each other's hair as best they could. A professional barber came out of the stands to lend a hand. Several players chose to sit out the game rather than suffer the indignity of it all. Two players showed up for the next game with what might be called crew cuts with sideburns rampant.

The Legion would appear to be out of step.

THE HIGH PRICE OF FISH

There is now on the market, or about to be, a high-modulus carbon fiber fishing rod which, as you might expect, is not made of fiber-glass-epoxy but of high-modulus carbon fibers. And not, by any means, of split bamboo.

The material is a by-product of the moon shots and associated enterprises, developed for use in structural members and panels on the manned orbiting space laboratory being built for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The rod's distributors, the Garcia Corporation, hold that it is twice as strong as, longer lasting than, and has faster response than any other on the market.

The catch: experimental handmade samples will set you back \$4,500. Or you could cut yourself a green alder limb until the price drops.

THE STATE AND THE PLATE

For a mere \$9, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, as eager to make a buck

as any other state, will sell you the right to have your initials or some personal message on your automobile license plates. No profanity or obscenity, please, and no mention of liquor or drugs. One gentleman had his plates recalled a couple of years ago. They read L-4 and the Registry of Motor Vehicles thought it was a bit much.

Some officials of the Boston Celtics have been carrying a number—CELTICS 1 and variations thereof—for 10 years, or since they were in their heyday. Baseball official Joe Cronin was granted plates in when he was elected to the Hall of Fame. When he was named president of the American League, Cronin had his plates changed to PAL.

Eddie Shore, onetime Boston Bruins star and also a Hall-of-Famer, required passage of a legislative act before he could sport plates proclaiming him MR. HOCKEY.

Statesmen are indeed busy these days, ever striving to serve the people.

THE PAINTED LILY

Baseball is the latest institution to assist in the debasement of the language by prettifying it. The dressed-up catchword these days is "velocity." Pitchers, catchers and managers are talking less this season about fastballs and a pitcher's speed.

"I had better velocity on the ball than usual," winning pitchers are telling interviewers.

"He's improved because he's throwing with more velocity," coaches are explaining.

"I never saw him with as much velocity," says a happy manager.

Any day now you may hear a pitcher talking about the improvement in his slow parabol.

THE VERY MODEST KAREEM

After signing a four-year contract with the Milwaukee Bucks (a fifth year is optional with the club), Kareem Abdul-Jabbar said he had a couple of requests to make. Familiar with the exorbitant and often outlandish demands of other stars, apprehensive club officials, who had just agreed to one of the most financially generous contracts in sports history, sighed and asked what he had in mind.

"I'd like you to send me a weight-training program," Kareem said. "I want to build myself up a little."

club officials sighed again, this time with relief. And what else would he like?

What Kareem would like is to have his full last name, Abdul-Jabbar, on his No. 33 jersey. Last year, amid confusion over what Kareem's full surname was, the club had printed only "Jabbar" on the uniform.

He could have that, too, everyone said, and Abdul-Jabbar turned happily back to his graduate studies at Harvard.

HOW TO CHARM A TIGER

Faced with extinction, the tiger rarely is seen these days through the sights of a rifle or any other way. Now Dr. Margaret Kartomi of Monash University (Melbourne, Australia) has come up with a tiger-hunting method that has been the closely guarded secret of West Sumatra natives for centuries.

She has taped the natives singing softly as the opening gambit of the hunt. "The songs are like lullabies that make the tiger sleepy," she explains.

Then the tiger singers use a blend of black and white magic, also calculated to make the tiger less wary.

And finally, just to make sure, the natives bait their traps with tender young lambs.

Dr. Kartomi will graciously lend you her tape recordings. Bring your own tender young lambs.

BUY MISTAKE

New York State racetrack rules require that when a ticket seller hits the wrong button and a wrong ticket consequently pops out of the slot, the seller must pay for the ticket. So when a bettor at Finger Lakes Race Track asked for five tickets on Horse No. 4, and instead got five on Horse No. 5, the seller, Mrs. Harrison Reed, assumed she was out \$50.

Actually, she was in \$1,015. The wrong horse won.

THEY SAID IT

- Pepper Rodgers, UCLA football coach, asked about the progress of his team. "We've been working out in shorts, and I'd have to say we look great in shorts. Unfortunately, we're not going to be playing Nebraska in shorts."

- Woody Hayes, Ohio State football coach, discussing his 22nd squad. "It's a unique team—almost every player was born after I started coaching at Ohio State. That's truly the generation gap."

END



Today the pocket. Tomorrow the world.

You'll conquer the world with this one. The new Kodak pocket Instamatic 60 camera.

It has the most features of any in Kodak's new line of Pocket cameras. Like a built-in automatic exposure control for taking pictures indoors and out. Plus a superb $f/2.7$ Ektar lens. Even a coupled rangefinder for extra-precise focusing. And it uses self-powered magicubes for flash.

The Pocket 60 takes the new little drop-in film cartridge. You get big, sharp $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ -inch color prints. Or color slides.

To show these new small slides, there are new Kodak pocket Carousel projectors. (You can also get adapters to show them on any 2 x 2 projector.) These new Pocket projectors, in stylish black with wood-grain panels, are only a little over 8 inches square. And yet they take a full 120-slide tray.

See the Pocket 60 at your photo dealer's. It's less than \$128. Kodak makes your pictures count.

**New Kodak pocket
Instamatic® 60 camera.**



Price subject to change without notice.

RED FACES IN CANADA

In a week of Russian ups and downs, the biggest up was an upset in Montreal, where Soviet skaters left overconfident NHL stars black and blue and all of Canada blushing

by MARK MULVOY

Possum. They were playing possum yesterday," the injured Bobby Orr mumbled incredulously last Saturday night as he watched the Russians (in angelic white) blitz Team Canada's NHL All-Stars. Whatever you want to call what the Russians were practicing on Friday, the next night the name of the game was hockey. In the Montreal Forum, in a confrontation before 18,818 unbelieving spectators which was televised to more than 15 million Canadians, 125 million Russians and a few more millions in the United States and Europe, the Russians gave the Canadian pros a complete lesson in all the finer points of hockey as they skated to an amazing, one-sided 7-3 victory. Said a sad Canadian as he left the Forum, "This is Canada's worst day since winter wheat sank below a dollar during the Depression."

Whether the Russians had genuinely been trying to mislead the Canadians as to their ability before the first of the eight-game "world series of hockey" is a moot point. Their performance in practice had led Orr to observe earnestly, "They seem to be shooting off their rear foot." He was watching half a dozen Russians making easy-to-handle shots from about 25 feet at goaltender Vladislav Tretiak. "Imagine if Dennis Hull were out there! The poor goalie wouldn't have a chance." Braun Goaltender Eddie Johnston studied Tretiak and added, "Now look what he's doing. When the shot is on his stick side he stabs at the puck. You can't stab at it like he does, you'll miss it a few times. I'll have to tell our guys what he's doing."

By Saturday night it was clear to the guys what Tretiak was doing—he was outplaying Ken Dryden, muffling with relative ease the hardest shots the Canadians gunned at him. No longer was he backing into his net and stabbing hopelessly at passing pucks. Instead, he moved out of his net, cut down the angles and confronted the shooters, who for the

most part were firing harmlessly into his pads. "I figure he took at least five goals from me tonight," Phil Esposito admitted after the slaughter.

Tretiak, who in fact dominated the game, came as an especially rude surprise to the Canadians because Toronto Coach John McLellan had given them a one-game scouting report to the effect that he certainly wasn't much. "The night we saw him," McLellan said, "he gave up eight goals and looked awful. He stopped nothing—he seemed to be in a fog." (Informed of this appraisal, the 20-year-old Tretiak laughed. "That night was not one of my best, true," he said, "but you must understand that I was getting married the next day and, oh, my mind was away from the hockey game.")

Early in the game it appeared that the Canadians might chase the Russians all the way back to Gorky Street. Esposito scored for the All-Stars after only 30 seconds of play, and six minutes later, when Toronto's Paul Henderson scored from a face-off, it looked as if the rout was on. Then the Russians stormed back as they began to control the flow of play. A picture-perfect goal by Evgeni Zimin and a shorthanded score by Wing Vladimir Petrov tied it up. Wing Valeri Kharlamov, easily the best player on the ice, scored twice in the second period and the rout was on, all right, but it was going the other way. Although the Canadians narrowed the margin to 4-3 midway through the third period, they did not have enough physical stamina to skate with the Russians the rest of the game, seeming almost helpless as the Soviets added three goals against the beleaguered Dry-

den. The Russians skated better, shot better, checked better and hit harder than the Canadians; they were whirlwinds, never pausing to let the befuddled All-Stars catch up. A one-on-one rush, say Valeri Kharlamov against Brad Park or Rod Seiling or Don Awrey, instantly became a Kharlamov-in-alone-on-Ken Dryden as Park or Seiling or Awrey melted away. All night long the Russians beat Canadians to loose pucks, all night long the Russians were in perfect position to take good, high-percentage shots at Dryden. Maybe they were not as hard as those taken by Frank Mahovlich and Yvan Cournoyer and Vic Hadfield, but the Russians got them away quickly and accurately. "They outplayed us everywhere," admitted Team Canada Coach Harry Sinden. "We offer no excuses whatsoever."

It was perhaps the most painful of the many embarrassing defeats that the Russians have inflicted on Canadian teams in world and Olympic competition over the last 18 years. Until the Soviet Union invented hockey in 1954 (after studying Canadian instructional manuals, of course, and analyzing films of Rocket Richard in action), there was little doubt that Canada was No. 1. Then the Russians won the 1954 world championship, rudely jolting the Canadians 7-2 in their first official game. Coming up on last Saturday's game the Russians had won 11 world championships, four Olympic gold medals and had not lost a game to the Canadians in either competition in 11 years.

But all this was against Canadian rinky-dinks qualified as amateurs. The high-priced pro stars were never involved. Three years ago Alan Eagleson, the executive director of the NHL's Players Association, went to Stockholm for

continued

Russia's Tretiak, all of the show, suggests where NHL goalies failed. He shows Esposito.



the world championship and watched the Russians rout the Canadians 7-1 and 4-2. Eagleson tried to pass off the defeats as meaningless. "Our team is hamburger," he told a Swedish official. "Our NHL players would destroy all the teams here without any trouble." The Swede stared at him and shook his head. "But this is the world championship," he said, "and your players have CANADA on their sweaters. We all think these are your best players. They should be." Right then Eagleson pledged the total cooperation of the Players Association in the hope that a team of NHL All-Stars, or the Stanley Cup champions, would be able to play the Russians for, well, the championship of the universe.

Canada was scheduled to host the 1970 world championship, and for a time it appeared that the Canadians would be able to use nine professional players in the tournament. Then, at the last minute, Avery Brundage warned Britain's John (Bunny) Ahearne, head of the International Ice Hockey Federation, that the other competing nations might lose their Olympic eligibility if they played against Canada. As a result, Canada immediately disbanded its national team and the tournament was shifted to Europe.

Ironically, one of Canada's few sympathizers was Russia. "It became boredom for us to play in the world championship once the Canadians left," said George Rogulsky, deputy chairman of the Soviet Sports Committee. "We like to get the most use from games against the strongest opposition and Canada always provided the toughest opponent. The Canadians had the best skills and we wanted to make the utmost use of them." There was another reason for the Russians' con-



Kharlamov moves it up with Guy Lapointe.

cern: Soviet hockey seemed to be in a decline. Indeed, Sweden and Czechoslovakia and even the United States were rapidly becoming formidable foes in the world and Olympic tournaments. "It was time," Rogulsky said, "for the Soviets to move up to a different level of hockey, a level with the professionals. So we would have to play the professionals and learn from them."

For two years the Russians and the Canadians negotiated secretly, and then last April an agreement was reached whereby the Russians would meet a team of Canadian professionals. Bunny Ahearne was astonished when he learned about the proposed series, and he mumbled the usual threats about Olympic ineligibility to the Russians. The Soviets ignored him. Realizing he was too late to prevent the games, Ahearne then volunteered to make the announcement that they were to be played. After more negotiations, including talks with reluctant NHL owners, it was agreed that Team Canada would really be team NHL, meaning that any player who signed with the rival World Hockey Association could not play against the Soviets. So no Bobby Hull, no Derek Sanderson, no J. C. Tremblay, no Gerry Cheevers. Millions of Canadians protested these exclusions, particularly Hull's, with marches, billboard messages reading "To Russia With Hull," newspaper ads and telegrams to politicians. "What it came down to in the end was that we could risk blowing the entire series by trying to use non-NHL players," Eagleson said. "And we all felt the series was more important than any player."

Team Canada bowed to the Russian demand that international rules be used in all eight games. There were to be two international referees (from the U.S., as it turned out, for the games in Canada) with equal authority, rather than a referee and two linesmen. Body checking would be permitted all over the ice as usual, but a team would have to play shorthanded for 10 full minutes if one of its players were ejected from the game. "The Boston Bruins would spend the whole season playing shorthanded if we used these rules in the NHL," said Sinden, who used to be the Bruin zookeeper.

The Russian team prepared for this elaborately arranged confrontation by reporting to its training camp in Moscow on July 3th, almost six weeks before the NHL players gathered in Toronto. Coach Vsevolod Bobrov did not permit his players to skate for almost a week,



Ivan Cournoyer gets his come-dance.



however. "Physical fitness, psychological fitness and courage combine with technical ability to make skill," he says. "We work on the first three parts, then think about the technical part." Each day the Russians started their training on a basketball court—a little basketball is good for the reflexes. Next the medicine balls. Then some weight lifting and some gymnastics. Finally, some hockey on the hardwood floor. The forwards and the defensemen passed weighted pucks with lead hockey sticks. "When at last they get onto the ice," Bobrov says, "the regular sticks and pucks feel like nothing to them." Off in a corner the goalies used one hand to dribble a weighted puck with their lead goalie's sticks; with the other they repeatedly flipped a ball in and out of their goalie's gloves. "Very good for hand-eye coordination," Bobrov says. All the time they were taking physi-

cal and psychological tests, and only those who passed remained on the team.

For the Canadians, in contrast, the first game of this series came during the off-season, and their training program had been limited to the old-line skate and scrimmage practices employed by all NHL teams. Sinden worked his players three hours a day and held three intra-squad games so that the Canadians could accustom themselves to the unfamiliar international rules. "All training camps are boring," Sinden said, "but ours was worse. The players worked hard, and I tried to be tough with them, but nearly three weeks in one place without playing games against other teams is murder. Let's face it, you get in shape because of real game competition—and that is something we never had."

The Canadian players, to a man, felt that their individual skills would count

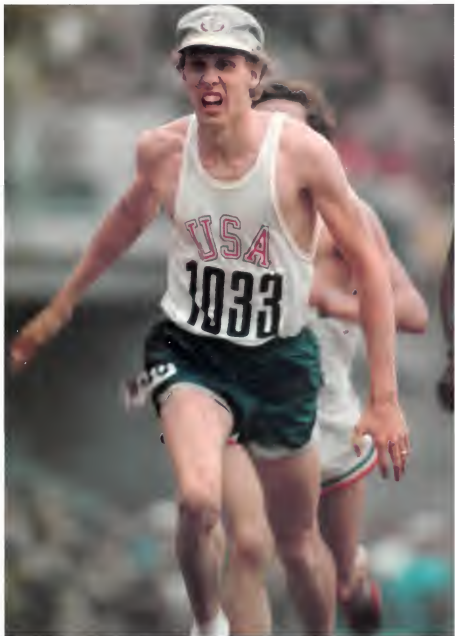
more than the Russians' superior conditioning. They were wrong, and Canada was left stunned by what one NHL official described as "the catastrophe of the century." That may have been overstatement, but it was certainly a poor way to start a world series.

END



Why is Yuri Bilov smiling? Because after Kharlamov (behind net) eluded Canadianke to score the go-ahead goal, Russia won a laughter.





SAVED BY A VERY FAST WOTTLE

A tall young Ohioan wearing a golf cap beat the world's best in a dramatic 800-meter run to salvage something for U.S. track forces, whose first-week fortunes had been sinking sadly at the Olympic Games **by PAT PUTNAM**

It could have been worse. Stan Wright could have been coaching Mark Spitz or managing the American wrestlers, who won an unexpected six medals in the freestyle competition—three golds, two silvers and a bronze. The way mismanagement has been meshing with misfortune, that may be more gold than the whole jittery and bitter U.S. track team carries away from Munich.

Like what else can happen? Our two best sprinters ran their 100-meter second round heats in a TV booth. At the last second Bob Seagrass was destroyed when his vaulting pole was declared illegal. He was handed a strange stick and finished second and mad. Ralph Mann ran a powerful race in the 400-meter hurdles but came in behind Uganda's John Akii-Busa, one of 43 children, who set a new world record of 47.8. Since Al Oerter stayed home for the first time in five Olympiads, Ludvík Daneš, the 35-year-old Czechoslovakian discus veteran, finally won the gold. America's Jay Silvester had to be content with the silver.

Then, after Dave Wottle, an ROTC student from Bowling Green University, won the 800, our only gold medal in track and field last week, he forgot to take off his distinctive cap while they played the national anthem.

"Oh, Lord!" moaned Wottle. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life." He's embarrassed and he won. Just think how the American officials felt when they discovered that for some incomprehensible reason they were operating from

an unofficial 18-months-old schedule, a blunder that cost Eddie Hart and Rey Robinson, a couple of world-record-holding 9.9 sprinters, any chance at any medal in the 100.

For those who may have been asleep since last Thursday, U.S. sprint coach Stan Wright—head track coach at Sacramento State who also handled the U.S. sprinters at Mexico City—says he was never told that the Germans had revised a preliminary schedule issued early last year. It is not clear how all the other nations in the Olympics found out about it. Wright's archaic schedule called for the second-round heats to be run after the 10,000 heats, which began at 5:30 Thursday evening. The updated version, which had been published in all the Olympic handouts as well as in every available English-language newspaper, switched the events and moved the second round up to 4:15 p.m.

Coming back from their morning preliminary heats and believing they were not going to run until three hours later than actually scheduled, Hart, Robinson and the third U.S. dashman, Robert Taylor, roamed the Olympic Village. Around noon Alex Woodley, the coach of the Philadelphia Pioneer Track Club who is helping the sprinters from Trinidad, noticed Robinson putting away a big meal in the cafeteria.

"Hey, man, isn't that a little heavy before a race?" Woodley asked.

"No, I got time. We don't run until around seven," said Robinson.

Woodley frowned. "Are you sure? I think you run at 4:15."

"Nope. The coach told us around seven, maybe 6:30."

Woodley decided Robinson had made a mistake and hurried out to tell someone. But then he saw Hart playing miniature golf. Heck, thought Woodley, he'd be resting if his race was at 4:15, and decided it was he who was mistaken.

A few hours later at the Olympic Stadium, Madeline Manning, the 1968 800-meter gold medalist who failed to make the final this time, came in from the warm-up track and sent word to the coaches in the stands that she had not seen the sprinters. She knew the correct schedule—no feat since it was printed in the program. The word came back that Wright knew what he was doing and not to worry. Lee Evans, however, who is supposed to run on the 1,600-meter relay team this week, decided someone had better start worrying. He left the stadium and took off for the warm-up track, where he found Wottle, who was loosening up for an 800 heat.

"Hey, where's the sprinters?" Evans asked.

"I don't know. But they always warm up with me. You don't think they're still in the village?"

Stunned by the possibility, the pair took off at top speed for the village, three-quarters of a mile away. About halfway, Wottle, who has tendinitis of the knees, pulled up in pain. "You go on," he gasped to Evans. Evans did, at about the same time that Wright and his three charges were strolling from the village to a bus stop close to an ABC television center. While waiting they decided they might as well watch TV. "I missed them at the village by two minutes," Evans said later. "Was I tired. I never ran that far that fast in my life."

continued

Dave Wottle, wearing his ever-present golf hat, lifted U.S. sprinters with his win in the 800.

The rest is unhappy history. Robinson was stunned when he saw his heat rivals getting into the blocks. "Must be a rerun of the morning heats," he said hopefully.

"Rerun nothing," said an ABC man. "That's live."

"Oh, my God," groaned Robinson. The three sprinters and the coach were rushed into a car and driven to the stadium, but they arrived too late for Robinson's and Hart's heats. They did get there a few minutes before Taylor's, but only because the heats were going off 14 minutes late. Running frantically onto the track, Taylor spotted Hasely Crawford, a Trinidad sprinter, and asked, "Hey, what heat am I in?"

"Mine," said Crawford, "and we go now."

Taylor slipped out of his sweats, put on his spikes, did two knee bends, got into the blocks and came in second to Russia's Valery Borzov, the same order in which they finished in the final. Wright, in tears, made an informal appeal to get Hart and Robinson into another heat if there was an opening—which there wasn't—on the grounds that their mythical bus had been delayed in traffic. No chance.

Still crying, Wright tried to find the words to apologize to Hart and Robinson. "It's my fault," he said. "It's all my fault. God, it's my fault."

Tears streaming freely, Hart shook his head. "Forget it, Stan," he said. "It's done." Later the 24-year-old Hart, who is just a few hours away from his B.A. in physical education at Cal, bemoaned his fate. "This is the first time I depended on anyone to get me to a track meet on time," he said, "but it's the Olympics, and I felt I didn't have to worry about such details. I was here to run."

In truth the fault lay with team officials, from USOC President Clifford Buck, who denies it, to Head Track Coach Bill Bowerman, who doesn't ("If you want to say Bill Bowerman blew it," Bowerman said at a press conference, "go ahead"), and on down. "Kee-rist," said quarter-miler John Smith, "if everybody is going to blast Stan, well, the whole staff should apologize to the whole team for not making sure Stan knew the right time. Now, Stan is not my kind of black dude because he is from the old country, but the athletes don't blame just him. We blame everybody."

While others were casting stones and

trying not to be hit by too many, Dave Wottle had his own problems. He had been married before leaving for the Olympics and had brought his bride with him, to the dismay of Bowerman, who seemed convinced that Wottle's chances for a medal were gone. The runner was more worried about his aching knees. After limping back from the futile chase for the sprinters, he came from far behind to qualify in his 800 heat, and the next day squeezed through on the inside to win his semifinal. On Saturday, in the final, he went against the world's best and immediately began to play catch-up, falling well behind the pack on the first lap. "I hadn't planned on being up front," he explained. Up front instead were the Kenyans, Mike Bori and Robert Ouko, followed by the favorite, Russia's Yevgeny Arzhanov. With 300 meters to go the Russian kicked into the lead, and Wottle, finally beginning to move, made his way into fourth place on the last turn. He began his sprint with hopes of finishing third but did not pass his first Kenyan, Ouko, until 30 meters from the finish.

"Then I began running for the silver," Wottle said. "I never thought I'd win. I thought Arzhanov would. But when I saw him letting up with 20 yards to go, I knew I'd win." He pressed Bori and nipped the tumbling Russian at the finish by the length of the bill of his golf cap. Both were timed in 1:45.9. Recognizing the stress Wottle felt, what with a gold medal and a new wife, surely his ROTC colonel, whom Wottle was afraid was watching on TV, will forgive his covered head during *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Particularly if he does well this week in the 1,500, too.

Under a somewhat different stress was Seagren, whose controversial green Capatopolis were banned by the International Amateur Athletic Federation as the Olympics begin. Seagren felt the conventional poles he had with him were too stiff to use because of the strong headwind during the competition, and he was given a pole by Adrian Paulen, an IAAF official from The Netherlands. Angry, Seagren said, "The pole is no good. They walked up and handed it to me and said this is what you'll use. Why didn't they hand everybody a new pole and make it even?"

Late in the final, with nobody left in the competition but Wolfgang Nordwig of East Germany, Seagren missed

twice at 17' 8½" before making it and then failed on all three tries at 17' 10½". Nordwig went over that height on his first try, then made 18' ½". For the first time in Olympic history the U.S. had lost in the vault. Seagren said later he should have saved his strength by passing at 17' 10½" and concentrating his efforts at 18' ½".

"I was tired, and I should have passed in order to rest," he said, "but I was afraid of that strange pole. When I missed the first try at 17' 10½", I knew I was done. I was exhausted." After his final miss he turned and threw the pole at Paulen. "Why not?" Seagren fired back at East German writers who questioned the gesture. "That's the pole he chose for me to jump with, and I didn't want it anymore. So I gave it back."

Failure also came to tiny Cathy Rigby, America's premier gymnast, who was totally eclipsed by Russia's even more diminutive Olga Korbut. Korbut's triumph-failure-triumph pattern that resulted in two gold medals made a great show, even putting Japan's superlative male gymnast in the background.

One bright part of the Olympic picture for the U.S.—partly because it was so unexpected—came in wrestling. The guy who had the most weight to throw around was 405-pound Chris Taylor, but in his first match he had the singular misfortune to come up against 225-pound Alexander Medved, Russia's seven-time world champion. That cost Taylor the gold medal. Every time he made a move, he found himself double-cautioned by the referee, a Turk, and he lost 3-1. When the match was over, the chief referee questioned the Turk's judgment.

"Well," said the Turk, pointing at Taylor, "he weighs 400 pounds and the Russian only weighs 225 pounds. I thought such an advantage was unfair."

"Get out," said the head referee, "and don't come back."

Taylor accepted the loss with the same equanimity with which he fields such questions as how big is your girl friend. When he has had enough, he lumbers off and disappears. He won all his remaining matches, including one against a Japanese named Yoshihide Isojima, whom he pinned simply by lowering him-

continued

Tiny Soviet gymnast Olga Korbut won two gold medals. Vast U.S. wrestler Chris Taylor took a bronze. More normally proportioned John Akis-Bus of Uganda won 400-meter hurdles.

Isn't it nice to know
that while you're
taking care of her,
High Seas is taking care
of your face?



Sometimes you don't
have time to take care of your
face the way you should.

To protect it against
the things a face runs up
against during the day.

Well now you can
with High Seas, the new
conditioning after shave.
High Seas has emollients.

It feels different than
other after shaves. These emollients
soothe and smooth your face and
help keep it from drying out.
High Seas. The new conditioning
after shave. It takes care of your face.
While you take care of other things.



With every pair of Mr. Stanley's Hot Pants goes a free pack of short-short filter cigarettes.

Now everybody will be wearing hot pants and smoking short-short filter cigarettes

...almost everybody.



©1972 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.
(But then, they don't try to be.)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR '72.







OLYMPICS *continued*

self atop the man and quietly resting until Isogai gave up and dropped both shoulders to the mat. Medved sailed through undefeated to win his third straight Olympics and bent down and kissed the mat goodbye. Because of the penalties he incurred in the first match, Taylor could do no better than a bronze.

Bearded, beaded, cheery little Rick

Sanders took a silver in the bantamweight division, and John Peterson did the same in the middleweight. Peterson's brother Ben took one of America's three golds by finishing ahead of Russia's Gennadi Serakhov in the light heavyweight class. "It's tough to beat a Russian," said Wayne Wells, who went undefeated in the welterweight division to add a

gold medal to a recent degree in law. "They get all the breaks. They've got 488 Communist officials here. We've got four from America, and they don't get any help from the rest of the free world."

One guy who needed absolutely no help was Dan Gable, who took all seven of his matches to win the lightweight division. At the end he had five stitches



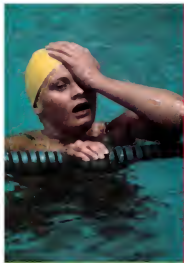
over his left eye, a bandage on his left ear, one on his left middle finger and another on his left knee, but he did everything right, not once leaving his amazingly quick feet except by his own will.

"I've devoted my life to winning that gold medal," Gable said. When they put it around his neck, he lifted it from his chest and kissed it.

CONTINUED

Russia's Borzov won the 100 meters in 10.1 seconds from America's Taylor and Jamaica's Miller (above) after top U.S. sprinters Herb Wright, winning July Olympic Trials in 8.8) and Robinson missed qualifying heat





THE GOLDEN DAYS OF MARK THE SHARK

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

The Munich tabloid *Abendzeitung* referred to Mark Spitz last week as *Mark der Hai*, which may not have any special ring in the original but translates into the well-nigh perfect nickname of Mark the Shark. As Spitz emerged the hero of the Olympics, the same newspaper waxed indignant that the American swimmer had held aloft a pair of track shoes on one of his frequent trips to the victory stand. Before the matter was dropped, Olympic officials had summoned Spitz for a hearing, and he had showed up snappily attired in his U.S. parade uniform. What the International Olympic Committee wanted to know was whether Spitz was promoting the shoes for pay, a suspicion that would have been more justified if he had been holding up an outboard motor instead.

While exercising its customary vigilance about athletes using the Olympics to enrich themselves, the IOC showed no qualms about peddling postcards on the Olympic grounds bearing pictures of Spitz and other stars of the Games. Swim fans, for example, could buy postcards of Roland Matthes, the East German who won both backstrokes, or they could send greetings bearing the likeness of Australia's Shane Gould, who endured her first losses in freestyle competition in 18 months, but adequately compensated by winning three gold medals, each in world-record time.

Outstanding as her performance was, it was Gould's fate to be overshadowed by Spitz. Through Sunday he had competed in four individual events and two relays, and all six ended with world-record times flashing on the scoreboard and gold medals dangling from his neck. He seemed a cinch to add a seventh gold medal in Monday's 400-meter medley

relay, all of which made it appropriate that the postcards were going for one mark (31¢) rather than, say, one roland or one shane. "We are selling 60% of our Shane Goulds," reported Armin Strobel, head of the firm that printed the postcards. "Our Mark Spitzes are selling out."

There were other indications of Spitz' value in the marketplace. Fan mail and requests for personal appearances piled up in his cramped room in the Olympic Village, and his floor was strewn with chrysanthemums ("I don't even know who sent them," said Spitz). He could scarcely emerge from his quarters without being swamped by autograph-seekers, and Peter Daland, the U.S. men's coach, complained that Spitz was being besieged "by ABC, BBC and every other kind of C." The swimmer had important matters to mull over. "Maybe I'll accept the offer to be on Duck Cavett," he said one afternoon, "but I think I'll turn down *The Dating Game*."

Spitz' star status helped make the daily competition in the 9,000-capacity *Schwunghalle* the hottest ticket at the Olympics, with scalpers peddling \$12 seats for \$50. Withn, Mark the Shark was going about his predatory business. Day after day a fresh group of victims would solemnly walk the length of the pool deck to the starting blocks, with Spitz among them, warmup jacket slung over a shoulder. In however long it would take to swim the prescribed distance faster than anybody had before, all would be over. Spitz would drape himself across a lane marker, his gleaming teeth and black mustache a study in chiaroscuro, as his rivals hauled their spent carcasses from the pool.

Spitz, brimming with confidence, was careful to express it only after a given race was over. He fretted before the 200-meter butterfly, but after easily winning in a world-record 2:00.7, he shrugged, "If it had been do or die, I could have broken two minutes." A man with palpable faith in his physical talents, Spitz had lost in the past year or so only when he became concerned about burning himself out early in a race and failed to go out hard enough. In Munich, in a semifinal of the 100 butterfly, he lapped into that habit but came from behind to touch out his rivals after being a distant fourth at 50 meters.

"I didn't want to show how hard I could go out," he said, flashing his now-

famous grin. In the next day's final Spitz stormed into the lead, his body undulating through the pool like a whipcracking, winning in a world record 54.27. Still, he scrupulously avoided flat-out predictions ("You said seven golds, not me," he scolded one reporter), and he was sufficiently frightened of teammate Jerry Heidenreich in the 100 freestyle that he talked briefly about dropping the event rather than risk spoiling his gold medal sweep. He strained his back slightly fooling around in a mini-car at the Olympic Village and finished fractions behind Australia's Mike Wenden in both heat and semi of the event, but in the final on Sunday he showed courage as well as skill in beating Heidenreich by a luxurious 0.4 of a second.

One indication of Spitz' dominance of the swimming news came when a French newspaper reported that he and Sandy Neilson, surprise winner in the 100 freestyle over teammate Shirley Babashoff and Shane Gould, were in love. The report was quickly scotched by the Associated Press, which identified Spitz' true heartthrob as Jo Harshbarger, the U.S. distance swimmer. The AP conceded that marriage was not imminent. Harshbarger being all of 15, this was reassuring. But she and the 22-year-old Spitz were spending time together, and after receiving his gold for his victory in the 200 butterfly Spitz placed it, in a grand ceremony of his own, around Harshbarger's neck. "Jo's the best-looking swimmer since Donna de Varona," he pronounced, and then added, "I was too young for Donna, and I'm too old for Jo."

Harshbarger, for her part, said, "Mark is psyching me up for my race." But Keena Rothhammer of the U.S. beat both Jo, who finished sixth, and Shane Gould in the 800 freestyle on Sunday. Earlier, the U.S. women's team had been shut out of medals in three different events, something that never happened at Mexico City, and critics suggested that the girls had been sightseeing instead of working. But Sherm Chavoort, the women's coach, said it was simply that other countries were improving. "They're catching us in missiles, submarines and airplanes, too, aren't they?" he said. When Melissa Belote in the 100 backstroke and Cathy Carr in the 100 breaststroke scored upset wins on Saturday, Chavoort's faith in his charges' dedication was upheld.

continued

Steve Genter laughs under his shaven scalp while (clockwise) Shane Gould winds down, Meeli King flaps, Mark Spitz exhales and Aussie Gail Neill carries team's top vengeance.

American males failed to win a gold medal in springboard diving for the first time since 1912, and the women were shut out in the platform. But Micki King, the 28-year-old Air Force captain who suffered disaster in Mexico City in 1968, vindicated herself by winning the women's springboard. In Mexico, King was leading after eight of the 10 dives only to break her left arm on the ninth. She wound up a painful fourth. At Munich she said, "I tried to think happy, like it wasn't the Olympics."

Consistent of unspectacular, King waited until the eighth dive to move ahead of Sweden's 17-year-old Ulrika Knappe, who later won the platform competition and who wasn't even born when King took up the sport. Afterwards King, like all winners, had to submit to a drug-control urinalysis but, she said, "I couldn't go, so I had to wait around." When she finally left two hours later, she was alone with her gold medal. "I returned to the Olympic Village and had a chocolate drink," she said. "Three Australian weight lifters told me, 'A gold medalist shouldn't be drinking chocolate. We've got a bottle of wine.'" King and the appreciative Australians celebrated until one a.m.

The Schwimmhalle was the scene of other sentimental journeys to the victory stand. After a drought of gold medals dating back to 1960, Japanese swimmers took two of them, one going to Nobutaka Taguchi, who enshrouded himself in a sleeping bag for 50 minutes before the 100 breaststroke, explaining "It helps me concentrate," and then emerged to set a world record. Sweeter still were Gunnar Larsson's victories in the 200 and 400 individual medleys, Sweden's first golds since 1928. Larsson, who swam for Long Beach State, defeated American Tim McKee in the 400 by two one-thousandths of a second—4:31.981 to 4:31.983—but only after the electronic timer took agonizing minutes to separate the two. "There has to be a winner and loser even if it's two one-millionths," McKee said philosophically.

The East German star, Matthes, gave a shy smile and an Oriental bow before handily winning his two backstroke specialties. Matthes also swam the 100 butterfly but had a bad start. After placing fourth behind Spitz, he assumed a non-chalance utterly inconsistent with the official East German line on athletics. "I'm not disappointed," Matthes said.

"It's not really serious. It's just a sport."

The biggest threat to U.S. supremacy was Australia. Although the Aussie men were disappointing—Wenden, the gold medalist in the 100 and 200 freestyle in Mexico, finished well back in both events—Aussie girls paddled off with gold aplenty. They were led by Shane Gould, who had been expected to swim only the four freestyle events and two relays. Her personal coach, Forbes Carlile, was virtually alone in wanting her to add the 200 individual medley. Shane's butterfly and breaststroke had improved in recent months and other Australian officials finally agreed with Carlile, who had insisted, "The 200 IM is her best chance for gold."

That assessment seemed sound when Gould held off East Germany's Kornelia Ender to win in a world record 2:23.07. Shane mounted the victory platform carrying a frayed kangaroo that Australian swimmers have taken to every Olympics since '56. It was an uncomfortably close win, but it hardly would hurt sales of *Swimming the Shane Gould Way*, a book written by Shane's mum, which was due to be published in the U.S. this week. The next day, however, she finished a disappointing third to Neilson in the 100 freestyle and recriminations were heard among the Aussies. It was suggested that the medley may have taken its toll, and there were claims, too, that Shane's mighty elbows-high stroke had partly disintegrated. Everybody agreed that her weight, up from 135 to 141, was too much for her 5' 8" frame. "Shane's reacting to the stress of the Olympics by eating," one Aussie said.

As for Neilson, she was mobbed by U.S. teammates after her win over Gould and then returned to the Village to make a transatlantic call to her coach, Don Loomis, who, it turned out, was not at home. "He's at the beach, the bum," she said. Meanwhile, Gould dined quietly with Australian officials and later joined in a celebration for her roommate, Beverley Whitfield, who had come to Munich lightly regarded in the 200 breaststroke, yet won the event in Olympic-record time (she mounted the victory stand carrying her personal konga bear instead of the team kangaroo). "The kids crowded around Bev, and that took the pressure off me," Shane said.

She was relaxed enough the next day to wave to Australians in the crowd on her way to the starting block for the 400 free.

She could also have waved to her rivals in the water, so wide was the gulf that separated them from Shane at the finish. Her confidence restored, Gould beat Babushoff in the 200 free before finishing second to Rothhammer in the 800. That gave her five medals in all.

Gould was spectacular but Mark the Shark was much more so, and swim buffs will be recounting his feats in Munich for as long as pools make waves. The big week began Monday when Spitz led Gary Hall and Robin Backhaus to a 1-2-3 U.S. sweep in the 200 butterfly and, barely 40 minutes later, anchored the winning 400 freestyle relay. He won his third gold in 24 hours the next evening, taking the 200 freestyle, and added his fourth and fifth Thursday in the 100 butterfly and 800 freestyle relay. His sixth medal came in the 100 freestyle Sunday, after which he faced a one-day wait before the final relay.

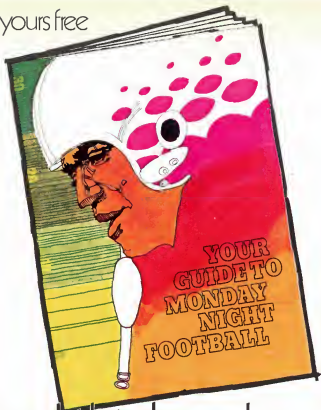
The only time Spitz was even appreciably behind in any of the finals was when he was briefly overtaken by Steve Genter midway through the 200 free. That race was also noteworthy because West Germany's Werner Lampe, who won the bronze swimming with a shaved skull, donned a wig for the medal presentation, and because the carefree Genter, who also shaves his head, grittily took the silver even though he had suffered a partially collapsed lung the week before. Doctors had drained the lung, and Genter had spent five days in Munich University Hospital. He was released the day before the 200, and a surgeon accompanied him to the pool as a precaution.

The 200 was also the race that produced the track-shoe incident. Spitz went to the victory stand barefoot, carrying a pair of German-made shoes that he put down behind him during the ceremonies. Picking them up afterward, he waved to the cheering crowd—and the cameras—first with his free hand and then with the one holding the shoes, upsetting the *Abendzeitung*, which said it was "impossible to advertise on the victory stand in a more obvious way." The paper even contacted Karl Schranz, the Austrian skier who had been barred from the Winter Olympics as a professional. "I'd like to see whether Avery Brundage has the guts to go against an American," Schranz said.

To charges that he was promoting the shoes, Spitz insisted, "There was nothing

continued

It's yours free



Read this book
before you see
the plays.

Pick up your free copy at your nearest participating Savings and Loan Association. We're co-sponsoring Monday Night Football Games on ABC Television. We hope you'll be watching. And we know this free guide will add to your enjoyment of the games. You'll read scouting reports on all the teams playing, plus an analysis of key player match ups. Plus much more. Get your free book soon.

SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

MEMBER FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION

For the name of your nearest participating Savings and Loan Association call toll-free (800-243-8000) In Connecticut Call 1-800-852-8500

©1992, THE SAVINGS AND LOAN FOUNDATION, INC., 1111 L STREET N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C. 20004

Wrangler® thinks Americans spend too much for clothes.

And Wrangler's doing something about it.

For \$8 or less you can get either of the jeans on this page; for \$9 the corduroy slacks; for \$13 the knit flares; for \$8 any shirt; for \$9 the denim jacket; for \$16 the corduroy jacket.

All long wearing and easy to care for. And all unconditionally guaranteed.

We want you to look like a million. Look, not spend. That's why Wrangler gives you what's so hard to get these days.

What you pay for.

Wrangler® Jeans & Mr. Wrangler® Sportswear, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10001

© 1977 JEAN BELLE, INC. PHOTO © JIMMY K. SMITH BY THE WELLS



Wrangler® Jeans & Mr. Wrangler® Sportswear

Remember the "W" is Silent.

ing further from my mind." He said he had been signing autographs after the race and did not have enough time to put on his shoes before the medal ceremony. Like many Olympians, Spitz had scoured showrooms in the Olympic Village and had received free track shoes, though, ironically, not the scuffed and faded pair he had with him on the victory stand. Spitz said he had bought them in Sacramento at a discount.

All of this the world's best swimmer explained and the IOC's five-man eligibility committee cleared him after an hour-long hearing. "I'm already a Jesse Owens," Spitz kidded. "Now they're trying to make a Jim Thorpe out of me." U.S. Olympic officials defended Spitz, questioning whether Shane Gould, by waving the kangaroo, might not have been promoting Australian tourism. Of such nonsense are Olympic squabbles made.

Spitz also found himself in a public feud with Genter, who questioned Mark's motives for suggesting, as he had before the 200 freestyle, that a fellow with a collapsed lung might be better off staying out of the pool. "He's trying to psych me," said Steve. But Genter and Spitz soon smoothed the waters, which freed Spitz to dwell on such matters as a movie career. "They've got all those nude scenes nowadays," he said. "That's great." He brooded, too, about the inequities of life. For example, Gunnar Larsson strolled the pool deck after his win in the 400 individual medley, waving his track shoes—a Swedish brand—at the crowd. "You know why they didn't make anything of that?" said Spitz. "Because he's not Mark Spitz."

But then there has never been a Mark Spitz in Olympic history before, which explains why Rainer Barzel, leader of West Germany's opposition Christian Democratic Party, provided a helicopter to fly Mark's parents into Munich from Garmisch, where they were staying. As for the son of Arnold and Lenore Spitz, he seemed to be coping with all the attention well enough. Working out in a training pool a couple of hours after he had been summoned before the IOC officials, Spitz paused to chat with a friend.

"You know what I think," Mark asked in a loud voice, not caring who heard. His eyes brightened, and that brilliant smile lit up his face. "I think those IOC guys at the hotel just wanted to meet me."

END

Mixture No. 79 has a brandy new flavor.



Pour yourself a pipeful of cherry brandy.

Cherry Brandy Flavor Mixture No. 79.

The new tobacco with the flavor and fragrance of fine old cherry brandy. And the smoothness of our classic Mixture No. 79.

Cherry Brandy Flavor Mixture No. 79. Another great men's fragrance.

Swiff Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va. 23224



high chapparral

Chapparral by Evans. Maple shag. High and handsome. Available at most fine men's stores everywhere, or write, we'll tell you where. L.B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Mass. 01880. Evans Casuals are made in the U.S.A.

Does Your City Recycle Garbage?

Location	Separation System	Estimated Annual Can Recovery*	Markets
Amarillo, Texas	after incineration	50 million	copper mines
Atlanta, Georgia	after incineration	100 million	ferroalloys
Chicago, Illinois	after incineration	730 million	copper mines
Franklin, Ohio	slurry system	30 million	steel making
Houston, Texas	dry separation at a transfer station	104-130 million	copper mines
Los Gatos, Cal.	after shredding, before incineration	120 million	copper mines
Madison, Wisc.	after shredding	38-41 million	steel making/ copper mines
Martinez (Contra Costa County), Cal.	portable separator at landfill	80 million	copper mines
Melrose Pk., Ill.	after incineration	83 million	copper mines
New Castle County, Delaware	after shredding	312-500 million	detinners/ steel making
Oakland, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	182 million	copper mines
Pompano Beach, Fla.	after shredding	35 million	to be established
Sacramento, Cal.	portable separator at landfill	74 million	copper mines
St. Louis, Mo.	after shredding, before incineration	260 million	pilot operation
St. Petersburg, Fla.	segregated by householders before magnetic separation	3 million	detinners
Stickney, Ill.	after incineration	84 million	steel making
Tampa, Fla.	after incineration	104 million	steel making/ copper mines

*Data supplied by municipalities or estimates based on 4% of total garbage less 20% for incinerator loss. Source: Survey by American Iron and Steel Institute as of mid-1972

From Amarillo to Tampa, forward-looking communities are using magnetic separation to recover an estimated 2½ billion used Steel cans annually.

By the end of 1973, eleven more will join the list: Brevard County and Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.; Framingham, Mass.; Harrisburg, Pa.; Hempstead, N. Y.; Milford and Newington, Conn.; San Francisco and San Diego, Cal.; Scottsdale, Ariz.; Vancouver, Wash. That will add another 1.5 billion cans recovered simply and easily.

People in these communities become ecologists and conservationists when they buy beverages and other products in steel cans . . . and simply throw the empties into their kitchen garbage pails. Thanks to steel's magnetic quality, the used cans are mechanically extracted at municipal or regional landfill sites, transfer stations and incinerators. Magnetic separation saves fast disappearing landfill space and produces revenues from the sale of cans as scrap.

Properly processed scrap steel cans have four principal end uses:

- They are remelted to make a variety of new steel products.
- They are "detinned" in plants throughout the country to conserve tin (all of which must be imported) and provide steel for remelting or other reuse.
- They are used to extract copper from low-grade ore, thus conserving still another precious resource.
- They are used in the manufacture of ferroalloys—a basic ingredient in the production of new alloy steels and high-grade castings.

The steel industry's traditional use of millions of tons of scrap enables us to guarantee that the steel we make for cans contains at least 25 percent recycled material.

That's why we say that steel is the recycled material.



A STEAMROLLER RIDE TO THE SUMMIT

After 16 years, Bobby Fischer's prophecy of becoming No. 1 in chess came true in a fashion even he could hardly have calculated **by LARRY EVANS**

In 1956 Bobby Fischer, 13, proclaimed to a less-than-enthralled chess world, "I'm gonna win the world championship, hold it a couple of years, then take up something else and make a lot of money." Last Friday morning in Reykjavik, the mercurial American grand master fulfilled the first part of his 16-year-old prophecy by crushing Boris Spassky, the Russian titleholder, in the 21st and deciding game of their championship series.

The final score of 12½–8½ gave only scant indication of the real dimension of the match. Setting aside the game

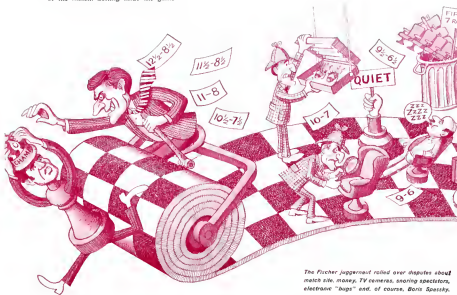
Fischer let go by forfett and petulance and the 11 games that were drawn, the match ended with the remarkable score of Fischer 7, Spassky 2. It was, after an initial flurry of temperament and uneven chess on Fischer's part, no contest.

The match ended not with a bang but a whimper. Some 2,500 spectators at Exhibition Hall were deprived of the satisfaction of watching Spassky resign his adjourned game. He might have been

able to offer long resistance with the proper defense, but he scaled the wrong move and then realized his plight was hopeless.

Fischer, who had no way of knowing this, studied the position all night, barely glancing away from his pocket chess set at dinner. He was skeptical when told an hour before the game that Spassky had resigned by phone, and demanded to see it in writing. When he arrived at the hall, the American sat at the board for several minutes before the referee, Lothar Schmid of West Germany, made the official announcement. Fischer signed his score sheet and bounded up and out at the first roar of applause. Backstage he said three words to network TV crews: "Great. Later. Later." Spassky went for a walk alone by the waterfront.

In his room at the Hotel Loftleidir, Fischer received visitors and reporters. He indicated that he wanted to give the



The Fischer juggernaut rolled over disputes about match site, money, TV cameras, snoring spectators, electrone "baps" and, of course, Boris Spassky.

maroon and purple corduroy suits for which he was fitted in Reykjavik are but a glimmer of things to come.

"I have a file drawer stuffed with offers for Bobby—and none is under six figures," said Paul Marshall. "Bobby is a superstar, like the Beatles, destined to change public taste on a broad scale. If Bobby had a crew cut, crew cuts would be in again."

So far, however, Bobby hasn't signed anything. He makes his own decisions and has not agreed to any endorsements, though he is devoted to Sony radios, with which he travels everywhere. (The rate of attention on the money offers he has been getting is staggering. "I'd like to have the salvage rights to his wastebasket," said an aide, Fred Cramer.) It is quite conceivable that Bobby may never see a penny from his \$156,250 share of the quarter-million purse after the IRS and assorted litigants (e.g., film maker Chester Fox) get through with him, but his vision as the first million-dollar chess champion is not so farfetched.

Fischer is the highest-rated player in history, in a class by himself, as Paul Morphy was 100 years ago. He can reasonably look forward to a long and lucrative career. He may well make good another of his boasts by holding the title until 2001. Emanuel Lasker held his crown for 27 years before being deposed by José Capablanca in Havana in 1921 and remained a formidable opponent until the late '30s. Bobby has vowed to be a fighting champion and take on a challenger every year. "Maybe even a bum-of-the-month club, like Joe Louis," he says, breaking up. The reason for his exuberance is his love of the game. "Every day I go in like an unknown to prove myself."

Dr. Max Euwe, the former world champion who is now president of FIDE, the international chess federation based in The Hague and representing 84 nations, said, "The title belongs to FIDE. But I do not see any objection to Fischer playing a title match whenever he wants, providing he faces an accredited challenger every three years as called for by the rules." Bobby may well cause a crisis in FIDE, however, if he insists on nursing old grudges like the one he still bears against Russia's ex-world champion Tigran Petrosian, whom he would like to strip of his title retro-

actively, "because he cheated to get it."

Some observers feel the same charge may apply to Fischer, that his psyching tactics in the weeks preceding the beginning of the match and during its first several games were as calculated as the moves he made on the chessboard. Finally, when the match had become almost hopeless for Spassky, the Russian's chief second, Efim Geller, accused Fischer of using "non-chess means" to disturb his opponent. Fischer roared with laughter when he saw Geller's letter, but the organizers were not amused. They conducted chemical and X-ray examinations of the playing area, dismantling the two black leather swivel chairs. Nothing was airtight except perhaps the ex-champion's dignity.

Spassky was clearly shocked and offended by Fischer's off-board antics, yet as a prisoner of his own dignity he could not strike back. He even resisted suggestions from Moscow that he come home when Bobby did not show up for the originally scheduled first game. Many observers believe that Geller's protest was engineered from the Kremlin.

Most grand masters on the scene did not believe that Fischer's psychological ploys were directed intentionally against the Russian. "That is the great riddle," said Svetozar Gligoric of Yugoslavia. "Bobby is clean. He used no tricks, traps or shots," said Robert Byrne of the United States. "I am afraid Spassky unconsciously wished to lose," said Jan Donner of Holland. "Bobby is the greatest, and he exudes confidence in his every motion and manner. Boris simply got the message," said William Lombardy, a Catholic priest who was also Fischer's second. "Boris would have been beaten even at his best," concluded Harry Golombek of *The Times* of London.

In a broad sense Fischer's strategy was to keep Spassky guessing, to shake him up. The uncertainty ranged from what opening he would play to whether he would even show up. It was a triumph of arrogant confidence over melancholy fortitude. But not everyone believes Fischer restricted his warfare to the chessboard, and perhaps only a return match will resolve matters.

Whether it comes next year or in 1975, and whether it is against Spassky or another challenger, the next championship series should hold a higher prize than ever for the winner. Discussions of a mil-

lion-dollar purse are in the wind, and Fischer is unquestionably a hotter property than he was one year ago. Infinitely so.

Freed from the burden of the title and the absurd obligation to defend Soviet prestige, Spassky would be a much more formidable opponent the next time around. At 35 he is still in his prime and, in an interview after the last game, he showed remnants of a fighting spirit. He had Fischer in his hands, said the ex-champion, "but I couldn't kill him." Spassky sees personal problems ahead for Fischer—"I am sure he is going to be unhappy" in the role of champion—and hopes to be his first challenger. "Bobby is stronger than me now," he said, "but I am sure I can beat him. I will not repeat my mistakes, on or off the chessboard."

There were two Boris Spasskys in this match: the one in the first lap and the one in the stretch. After leading by two points in the first two games (one by forfeit) Spassky came unglued. He lost five and drew three in the next eight games. Not only was he trailing by three points, but Fischer had evened their lifetime score. In game 11, however, the Russian demolished a risky poison pawn grab in the Sicilian Defense, cutting Bobby's lead to two points.

From there on, in the remaining 10 games, Spassky was a tougher, fresher, more determined opponent. He lost two and drew eight, but these were for the most part hard-fought, exciting contests. Fischer was not just playing safe to inch in. He was trying desperately to widen his lead to prove the first half of the match was no fluke. If anything, Bobby was on the defensive as Boris continually pressed the initiative. Spassky sparkled with energy.

The Russian champion's preparation for the match, though extensive, was largely for a Fischer he never met in Reykjavik. Instead of clinging to a narrow range of pet lines, as in the past, Bobby broadened his repertoire delightfully. In the elimination matches last year against Mark Tammanov, Bent Larsen and Tigran Petrosian, Bobby played the king's pawn opening exclusively with white.

Against Spassky, however, he played everything under the sun, often from necessity. As black in 11 encounters he essayed four Sicilians, two Alekhines, two Nimzo-Indians, or e Benoni, one Pirc

continued



The-Comfort-Shirt in knit from Sears.

**Natty new knits
that fit as great
as they look.**

Stripes? Sure. Patterns? Positively. Solid effects? Solid effects! The-Comfort-Shirt comes just the way you want it... comes with all the comfort you want, too. It's made from a stretch knit Perma-Prest® fabric of Fortrel® polyester and Arnel® triacetate that's ready to wear the second the dryer stops. And it has the naturally comfortable C-Band® collar, a contoured body and extra long shirttails. The-Comfort-Shirt in knit... wear yours with one of Sears' gologether ties. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores or through the regular and Big and Tall catalogs.

**The-Comfort-Shirt
and all that goes with it at
Sears The-Men's-Store**

SUPPLIER FOR THE U.S. OLYMPIC TEAM



Sears

The Men's Store



King 16 mg "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine; Super King 15 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Apr. '72)



Tough turns. Fast track. But lap times good and you're ready to unwind...with the full-bodied flavor only one cigarette delivers...

**This...is the
L&M moment.**

RICH, RICH L&M



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

and one Queen's Gambit Declined. Not one King's Indian. In game six he transposed into a Queen's Gambit Declined for the first time in his career, smashing a pet line Spassky had never before lost with.

Missed opportunities canceled out. In game one Bobby was too daring, trying to win a dead draw. In game seven he played too fast, carelessly allowing the Russian to escape with a draw. In game 13 Boris botched a drawn ending on move 69 in the eighth hour of play. Spassky drew games 14 and 15, which should have been routine wins. Bobby's mistakes seemed to stem from overconfidence, whereas Spassky suffered from curious lapses in concentration.

For the moment Fischer's crown is secure. But now that he has demonstrated that the West can produce a champion, other nations are eyeing his throne. In Brazil, Grand Master Henrique Mecking, 20, is subjugated to dedicate himself totally to chess. President Medici said, "Brazil won the world [soccer] championship with the feet. And now we must win with the head, too." Many young players are coming up fast, especially with the new money in the game, and the next challenger may be someone unheard of.

In addition to Spassky, another Soviet threat is Grand Master Anatoly Karpov, 21, who recently won super-strong tournaments in Moscow and Hastings. The most likely challenge will issue from Russia simply because chess there is a high art and the country has been producing great players for decades. If the Russians were getting a bit complacent, they now have a target. The government undoubtedly will redouble its effort to produce new grand masters on every level—schools, factories and youth groups. With four million registered chess players Russia may yet create more quality out of quantity. But with the increased interest in chess worldwide, no one can predict the direction the current surge will take.

What can be seen clearly is its source: the 29-year-old world champion whose antics at their worst cannot detract from his genius. During the height of the preliminary skirmishing in Reykjavik this summer, Boris Spassky summed it up better than most: "The world," said Spassky, "would be a dull place without Bobby."

END

Only the sound is heavy



KOSS HV-1 stereophone

Until now a lightweight stereophone meant a lightweight sound. But not any more. Because Koss has developed a revolutionary new micro-weight High Velocity Stereophone that sounds like a heavyweight. And that's an achievement no music lover will take lightly. For more

information on the new Koss HV-1 and the full line of Koss Stereophones, write for our free color catalog, c/o Virginia Lamm, Dept. M-172. Or hear the Sound of Koss at your Hi-Fi Dealer. At \$39.95, the price of the new HV-1 is light, too.

from the people who invented Stereophones

KOSS CORPORATION 4129 N. Port Washington Ave. Milwaukee, Wis. 53212
Koss S.r.l. Via dei Vallotti 21 20127 Milan Italy

Joe Namath Scores in Pumas.

On or off the field Joe Namath appreciates the comfort and support of Puma's full line of leisure and football shoes. Like the comfortable Joe Namath shoe shown here. All available at your sporting goods store or shoe store or write Sports Beconta, Inc., 50 Executive Blvd., Elmsford, N.Y. 10523. Or 91 Park Lane, Brisbane, Calif. 94005.



PUMAS. Shoes of a different stripe.



No. 1 IS THE PUBLIC ENEMY



Everybody guns for Nebraska, which goes after its third straight national football championship. But there isn't a coach in the country who would not like to be confronted with Bob Devaney's problem

by DAN JENKINS



Somebody once said that in college football it's a lot easier for a coach to live with being No. 1 than it is to live with being No. 47. What generally happens to a man when his team cannot win is that he winds up selling tire tools for a living. And all that really happens to the coach of the No. 1, if and when he tumbles, is that he winds up the season with a 6-4 record and turns down the Peach Bowl. All this is what somebody once said. It was probably a wise guy sportswriter who had nothing to lose but his trip to Miami.

There are other things that have been said about trying to be No. 1 and then struggling to stay there indefinitely. It has been said that most of the fun is in the climb; that there's nothing on top but agony and worry about the road back down. It's been said nobody can even get there unless Notre Dame loses two games. It's been said that games are tougher to win when you're No. 1 because the burden is so heavy, but it's also been said that a losing streak can be more strenuous on the coach's nerves because he has to read the help-wanted ads between workouts.

Obviously there are numerous advantages and disadvantages to being No. 1, which means being the national champion, incidentally. And perhaps for the uninformed they should be outlined clearly.

The advantages are as follows:

1. The coaching staff gets a bonus, maybe a raise, or at least some gift certificates for new suits at the local hardware store, and their wives get a year's supply of free permanent waves from Loretta's Beauty Shop.
2. The athletic department station wagons get repainted in the school colors.
3. Barmaids around town get to wear sweatshirts with No. 1 stenciled on them.
4. Campus protests diminish—slightly—in size and regularity.
5. For a year at least, recruiting is easier.
6. The school fight song turns up on jukeboxes everywhere.
7. The head coach gets a book ghostwritten for him.
8. A rich alumnus contributes a new artificial turf in exchange for lifetime seats on the 50-yard line.
9. The coaching staff is in great demand at clinics, luncheons and banquets.

The disadvantages are these:

1. The head coach loses all his bonus money in a taco franchise.
2. Five key members of his staff leave to take head jobs of their own. And beat him some day.
3. The state's high school athletes mysteriously enter into a "down cycle" and the blue-chippers aren't what they're supposed to be.
4. The head coach attends so many clinics, he forgets how he got to be No. 1 in the first place—hard work.
5. The academic community begins making noises about a "football factory."
6. Next season's starting backfield gets busted on grass.
7. With no one returning to the squad but a second-string center and a defensive back who's had three knee operations, preseason polls make the team No. 1 again.
8. The new artificial turf turns purple and curls up around the edges.

9. The chancellor who backed the head coach during his 6-4 years retires.

As the saying goes, a lot of these problems are good ones to have, because they mean that you're winning. How to handle success on a big scale is a problem that only a few major-college coaches have had to deal with. And no one has ever figured out the best way to do it, from Walter Camp to Bob Devaney (see cover), who happens to be the man with the problem currently.

Among the modern elite who had to contemplate the dilemma before Devaney, if their thoughts add up to any kind of advice at all, it's this: stay humble, stay loose and keep a sense of humor.

Says Texas' Darrell Royal, who has had three national champions: "The real problem with being No. 1 is that if you're not careful you'll get to believing all those nice things being said about you. You'd better be the same when you're 6-4 as when you're 10-0.

"The worst pressure comes from losing. Winning takes care of itself. It builds confidence. You can say on one hand that when you're winning, everybody's out to get you. That may be true, but I also think the team with confidence can psych somebody into losing, into thinking they're not good enough to win.

"But everybody's got to lose eventually. The town tough can get all the room he wants walking down the street—until somebody puts a scab on his nose.

"It's harder to keep your confidence up when you're losing than it is to keep from being impressed with yourself when you're winning. I insist it's a lot easier when you're winning. You've got morale and the backing and excitement are there. So's the advice. Everyone wants to help you coach a Chris Gilbert, a Steve Worster or a Jerry Sisemore. But nobody wants to help you coach that old boy who's slow and not very well coordinated.

"As for superstitions, I agree with Duffy Daugherty. It sure is bad luck not to have good players."

Whether Notre Dame is No. 1 or not, Ara Parseghian feels the pressure every week. Everybody always wants to beat Notre Dame.

"I never thought about it before I became the coach at South Bend," says Parseghian, "but looking back on when I was at Northwestern I guess I relished the four victories over Notre Dame more than anything else.

"We can all pretend not to be bothered by the pressure of being favored, but it's there. For instance, when we play a team that's not at the top rankings, we do everything possible to keep the team from letting down but sometimes nothing works. Take last season. We played Tulane a week after Ohio U. had beaten them 30-7. There was no way to get our team up. So what happened? Tulane pushed us around pretty good and even led at the half 7-0. We eventually won but it wasn't easy."

The Irish coach adds, "There's definitely an advantage in playing against a No. 1 team when you're pretty equal. They have something to lose and you don't. In our second game against Texas, the whole world was telling us we couldn't win, so we got great preparation and we were able to win. I knew, and so did Darrell, that there wasn't much difference in the teams but we had the psychological advantage.

continued

COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

"I know it's a cliché, but on any given day. . . ."

For all of the debate that polls create, college football wouldn't be the same without them. That's what USC's John McKay believes. "I don't know anybody who doesn't read them or argue over them," McKay says, "and I don't know any coach who wouldn't want to be No. 1 at the end of the season. Polls stir up excitement during the dead part of the football week—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday."

McKay has twice coached a national champion at USC and he'll take the pressure and attention it causes any old time over a mediocre season.

"Time is the big problem that success creates," he says. "There's no time to coach, once you're on top. You've got to meet constantly with all your new 'friends.' You've got to be interviewed and photographed all the time. They say it makes recruiting easier but every recruit wants to see the head man and if he's off at a banquet, you lose the kid. Pretty soon, you lose enough good ones and you're not off at banquets and clinics any more because nobody wants to hear you. You're a loser again."

Meanwhile, the good assistant coaches come and go. "You win and they go to head jobs, and now you've got to take a year off getting your new assistants conversant with your concepts and philosophy. It's a vicious circle," McKay admits, "but it's what we work for. Anyhow, it keeps me young."

For 1972, all of these problems fall again on Nebraska's Devaney. He wound up sharing No. 1 with Texas after the 1970 season, and he took all of the trophies last year. If Nebraska can do it again this season, Devaney, in his last year before retirement, will join a fairly select list of coaches who have won three national championships in a row.

It keeps being written that this would be an unprecedented achievement, but technically it would not. Over the years there have existed at least a dozen polling systems such as AP, UPI, Helms and the Football Writers, and several teams—USC and Minnesota in the 1930s and Army during the Blanchard-Davis era—have received No. 1

ranking from one poll or another for three straight seasons. What is true is that no team has ever finished No. 1 three years running in the AP poll, which has lately been conducted after the bowl games are over and is therefore more realistic than, say, the UPI, which closes before the bowl games. Nebraska and Bob Devaney, with two already won, have a shot, but considering the calibre of the Big Eight, it will not be easy.

"The pressure is sure around," says Devaney, "but so are the compensations. I like winning. But we know we have to lose sometime. It'll be a shock and a disappointment but you can't worry about it."

Devaney wanders around Lincoln absorbing advice these days. He got a lot of it last year before the big one with Oklahoma: "One guy had a great way to stop the Wishbone. It should have been: he had 12 men on defense," Devaney laughs.

Like any other winning coach, Devaney finds much of his time given over to the press. "We have good relations," he says. "Maybe it's because I learned a long time ago that you don't win an argument with them."

Devaney says, "It would be more fun if we had any time to laugh when we're winning. But you can only laugh from Saturday night until Sunday morning when you start looking at the film of that next opponent."

Bob Devaney would agree with John McKay that he doesn't try to recruit bad football players. He recruits good ones; therefore, Nebraska always has the ability to win. And he would surely agree with Darrell Royal or Duffy Daugherty that it's terribly bad luck not to have good athletes, or to have the fewest points on the scoreboard after 60 minutes.

And unlike the others who've faced the same problems, Devaney is superstitious in another way. He and his staff collect pennies for luck. They've also collected a Johnny Rodgers, a Rich Glover and a Willie Harper, which is luckier still.

If Nebraska somehow does it for a third time, it will be Devaney and his people who do it. A Rodgers and a Glover and a Harper—and all those others—have always been the best way to get in the race for No. 1.

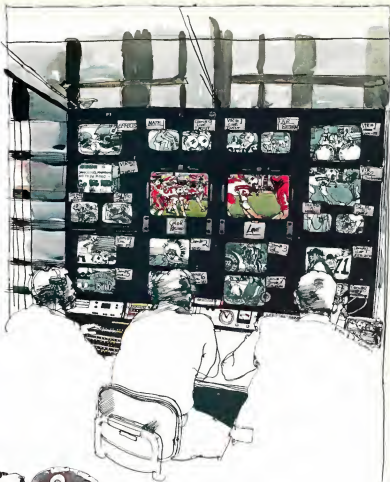
A FOOTBALL WEEKEND...

Fried chicken on a quilt and bourbon in a fruit jar. Bonfires peled as high as cranes can lift the debris. Girls on parade. As the leaves turn and fall, so do the aspirations of a team and a territory. And as the scent of pregame charcoal cooking rises over the old quadrangle, so does the spirit of an upset. The messages painted on signs hanging from the dormitories are clear: win or die; we're number one and three-fourths; the Heisman Trophy limps. As college football once more prepares to reach out for the simplicities of the soul, it may be worth considering that this game—the Saturday game—will always be the thing to keep the world from ever

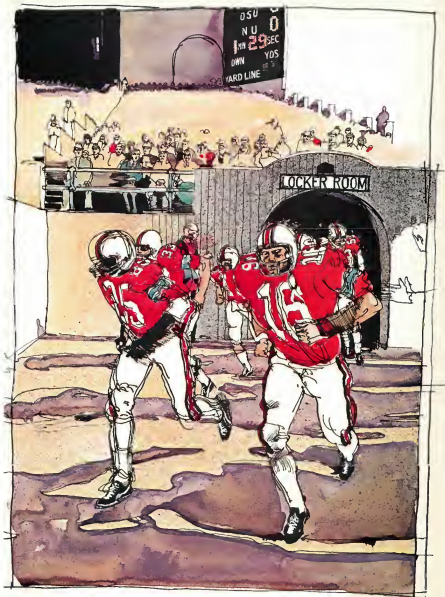
getting too sophisticated. And perhaps there's nothing wrong with that.

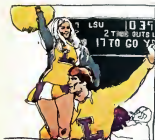
Last autumn Artist Ken Dallison visited campuses across the country in an effort to capture the special madness of a college football weekend. One of his stops was in Norman, where he was on hand for that very biggest of big games, undefeated Oklahoma against undefeated Nebraska—the Battle for No. 1 (*opposite*). The results of Dallison's travels can be seen on the next eight pages. Then Dan Jenkins, who has covered the sport for half his life, explains what college football means to him and why the game is as necessary as blood to his well-being.





**...AT NORMAN
AND COLUMBUS,**





**SOUTH BEND
AND BATON ROUGE,**







**AT
PALO ALTO,**



BOULDER AND ITHACA



...IS ONE LONG NEW YEAR'S EVE

In this time and age, it is all too easy to say that college football is so much wasted energy. That surely there are larger problems afoot than the solution to the Wishbone T. That if the enthusiasm of a thousand bacon twirlers could be put into the poverty program, or against the evil of drugs, the planet would be a better place. And that neither the pregame brunch nor the postgame chug-a-lug makes any contribution to a lasting peace.

Happily, however, college football endures. For three months in autumn, at least, the mind can turn to the giddy pursuits of a special rivalry, a conference championship, a thirst for some monumental pride in geography. What one sees and hears is what there is. The scoreboard has very few hidden meanings, and only a scant number of the passes that are dropped will become a part of the lingering nostalgia.

The fans of college football form a happy cult, a society of millions who find their pace quickened and their minds more alert in the fall. For most, even the outrageous arguments over zones and triple options, over polls and bowls, over Bear Bryants and Darrell Royals are sheer fun.

Among so many other things, our game is this:

A delegate rising at a national political convention to say, "The state of Nebraska, as proud of its ticket as it is of its No. 1 football team, proudly casts all 24 of its ballots, for the next vice-president of..."

Trucks, campers, station wagons and sedans pulling onto the LSU campus as early as Friday afternoon, there to begin a marathon barbecue and outdoor cocktail party. Already, the eerie chant

of "Go, Tigers" is ringing through Baton Rouge.

Another Texas-Arkansas sellout for mother, country, sliced beef and sooty pig. Darrell will pace and lick his fingers, and Frank Broyles' shirttail will come out. "If Frank's shirttail don't come out, the game ain't started yet." Seats have been gone for months, and outside the stadium a lonely student carries a placard: IF NO ONE GIVES ME A TICKET, I'LL KILL MYSELF.

Who's the real Big Red? Is it Oklahoma, Alabama, Arkansas or Nebraska? If it rains in Lincoln, the merchants will sell ponchos—all red. In Arkansas, the baby pigs wear red sweaters. Oklahomans drive red jalopies, but so do Nebraskans. In terms of funny hats, vests, jackets and ladies' suits, Nebraska wins. A whole state becomes a spray of red.

Dawgs go forth, Georgia Bulldogs. Up to the train trestle above Sanford Stadium in Athens, 5,000 strong, some of them getting there by 8 a.m. on game day. Beneath the treble, a full view of the playing field, inside the "hedges." And free. The tradition is as old as the stadium, and once, on a Saturday, a Dawg was asked how long he'd been entrenched, waiting for Athens. "I been here about two pints," he said.

Indian summer on Strawberry Hill, above California's Memorial Stadium in Berkeley. A thousand bodies are strewn across the slope, sleeping, drinking, getting married, ignoring the action below. Some are even clothed. Some even glance, occasionally, at the game, using binoculars to distinguish the players. But most of them don't bother. Why? As one explained it, "I don't think we ever win that often anymore. Or do we?"

The stadium Knute Rockne built in

South Bend. A ghost for every brick. Cramped and raucous, tense and frenzied to bury another visitor. The gold helmets pour from the tunnel and something explodes. Lightning flashes from the helmets to the larger dome itself, blazing over the sycamores. And then that old familiar song, "Cheer, cheer, for old..." They're actually singing it, that song. Again. What, indeed, would the sport be without it?

Big Ten innocence. Land of the greatcoat and parka. Towering old edifices for multitudes who still see a Grange or a Harmon down there as smokestacks rise in the distance through the gray chill of another Saturday. It didn't all begin out there in the Midwest, but there the sport was surely ordained.

And all those strange, hidden towns which do, on a given day in a given year, become the focus of a nation's attention: Fayetteville, Stillwater, College Station, Boulder, Oxford, Tuscaloosa, Norman, Lincoln, Lubbock, Ann Arbor, Palo Alto, Austin, Chapel Hill. And Baton Rouge. And Athens. And South Bend. And the rest. As the jaded writers say, take away Boulder and the Big Eight goes heads up with the Southeast on towns.

For all of this obsession, bordering on religion, borrowing from more than 100 years of lore, it's the players themselves who matter the most. Who make the game. To many of us among the afflicted millions, the football player is the best athlete to know and spend time with. He learns more about personal pride, teamwork, dedication, determination and sacrifice than any other athlete. And by the very nature of the physical and mental game he plays, it only stands to reason that he must know more about the joys of winning and the agonies of defeat than any other man of games.

In my own unreason on the subject, I bow to no one. Give me, any old time, the 14th consecutive fumbled punt in the mud between, say, Clinton State and Lock Haven State, or the 47th incomplete pass between Baylor and SMU, rather than Babe Ruth pointing to the center-field fence.

So stars the mind; so hastens the step. Autumn comes and I require a stadium fix for the next dozen Saturdays. Somewhere. Anywhere.

CONTINUED

THE TOP 20

1 LSU

The anticipation of an opportunity not to be missed may be well-nigh unbearable on the Louisiana State University campus in Baton Rouge this fall. Possibly not for another five years will the Bengals see the prize of being ranked No. 1 college team in the country dangled at such close range. This year they will be 1-0 after the first Saturday, unlike the last two and likely the next two, when they open against Colorado. That is because the first opponent is Pacific. And by early November, when they confront their two toughest opponents, Ole Miss and Alabama, the Bengals should be a vote-grabbing 6-0.

Emerging from what Head Coach Charlie McClendon called "the best spring game we've had," LSU seemed to have enormous potential. Despite the loss of some real stars from last year, McClendon faces his 11th season with an overflow of football talent.

The offense is especially formidable, led by Quarterbacks Bert Jones and Paul Lyons. Jones, a nicely sized 6' 3", is the passer. During the last six games of LSU's 9-3 season last year, which included a Sun Bowl victory over Iowa State, he completed 50 of 80 pass attempts for 838 yards, nine touchdowns and, remarkably, not a single interception. Lyons, a sturdy 5' 11", 186 pounds, is a running quarterback and a fiery leader. He gained 394 yards on 104 carries from out behind center last year (a total which includes 106 yards lost through sackings) and scored six touchdowns. He also passed for 11 touchdowns and holds the school record of 17 touchdowns produced in a single season.

Veteran Bengal watchers think they see a super running back looming on the scene also. He is chunky sophomore Brad Davis, supposedly the best runner at LSU since Jim Taylor. The span of years since Taylor takes in Billy Cannon, which would indeed seem to make Davis something very special. Last year's leading ground-gainer, Tailback Art Cantrelle, is gone, but Chris Dantin, who averaged more than four yards a burst as Cantrelle's often visible backup, returns for his senior year. Up from the frosh, along with Davis, comes versatile Brad Bowman, who is fast and strong and can catch a pass as well, and Steve Rogers, a 6' 3", 194-pound tailback. No single receiver seems capable of fully replacing Andy Hamilton (45 catches, nine touchdowns), but the lack of individual brilliance should be more than compensated for by quality en masse.

The loss of Halfback Tommy Casanova and Tackle Ron Easley has prompted some snipping and pining on the defense, but it will be experienced and sound and certainly no disgrace to the long tradition of tenacious defenders that exists at LSU. The Bengals—and their chances for a national title—have seldom seemed better.

2 NEBRASKA

Nebraska has another in its unending series of football problems. This headache follows the standard UN pattern. After speaking with appropriate use of unstoppable Middle Guard Rich Glover, all-dipperest Slot-back Johnny Rodgers and pass-mashing Defensive End Willie Harper, a Cornhusker assistant said disconsolately, "There are eight other men we should nominate, but I guess there's no way we're going to get 11 All-Americans." There, there, Nebraska. Self-pity will get you nowhere. But we do grant the basic point, Joe Blahak could be the best cornerback in the country; monsterman Dave Mason got 135 yards in interceptions last year; Jerry List is the best tight end Coach Bob Devaney has ever had; Fullback Bill Olds averages seven yards per carry; Bill Janssen and 6' 7" John Dutton have been making people, particularly quarterbacks, forget about Larry Jacobson at defensive tackle; Center Doug Duntler makes Glover hate spring practice and look forward to fall, when he draws easier matchups, and Tackle Daryl White was one of the country's outstanding sophomores. But

most of these players will have to be content with trivial honors like All-Big Eight or All-South of the Nebraska. Adversity builds character. By that measure, Nebraska might be presumed to receive some toughening of moral fiber from reliance on two sophomore quarterbacks to replace Jerry Tagge. But blue-chip red-shirt Humm's first name is David, not Ho, while Luck's real name is Terry, not Lotta and both have promise and a ju-

gement to work with. Gary Dixon—although good (515 yards rushing as a sub)—may not be quite a Kneey at 1-back, but fullback is quarry-deep with Maury Dumikroger and Jim Carstens behind Olds. Linebacker loses something, but Jim Brunsch, Bill Sloley and Johnny Pitts looked extremely bright in spring work and sophomores Bob Nelson and Tom Ruud showed strength. UN's secondary, after Blahak and Randy Borg, might be more of a question were it not for two local walk-ons, George Kyros and Ardell Johnson, who provide more speed at free safety than last year and make a man-to-man possible. Frosty Anderson and Bob Revelle seem good answers to one slight offensive question at split end, Nebraska, which last year annihilated 13 opponents by an average score of 39.8 and Outriggered Alabama 38-6 in the Orange Bowl, could be as much of a shock this year. The entire team—backs and linemen, offense and defense—averages 4.77 in a 40-yard dash. "Our players haven't given up the thought that a third championship, while improbable, is not impossible," blandly says old Bob Devaney. "Our coaches have not thrown up their hands at the idea. And the fans figure it's a certainty." They do indeed. But 11 more wins, plus a bowl game, may be one too many to ask



3 OHIO STATE

Everyone in the Big Ten was looking forward to last year. After three seasons of getting kicked around by the team of Kern, Tatum, Stillwagon, Brickington and the rest, they were about to get even with Ohio State and Woody Hayes. Then the Buckeyes beat Iowa 52-21 in the opener and that was the hint that maybe only the names of the players had changed. Sure enough, after seven games the team was 6-1 and undefeated in the conference. Finally, with half the club in the hospital—altogether, 16 players underwent surgery—the Buckeyes dropped their last three games by the scores of 17-10, 14-10 and 10-7. So revenge was only partial and, it would seem, brief.

If everybody's stitching doesn't come undone, the Bucks should win the Big Ten title. Thirty-six lettermen, including 14 starters, and two letter winners from 1970 who missed last year with injuries, warmed the heart of Hayes during spring drills. "We've got a lot of good football players," concedes Hayes. "Not too many great ones. We've got to make great ones out of what we've got."

Modesty aside, Hayes will not hesitate to go with sophomores and he has a few good ones. Harold Henson covets the tailback position. He led the frosh in rushing and will fulfill a prophecy made by his father, who raised Harold on a farm 19 miles from Columbus, Ohio. "I used to take him up to the stadium each Saturday and tell him, 'If you do what I teach you, someday you can play here,'" recalls the elder Henson.

Another of the youngsters to draw the inevitable comparisons between himself and the fabled departed is Randy Gradishar, a junior linebacker. "He's not quite as vicious or fast as Tatum," offers Hayes. Even so, that is a compliment.

The Buckeyes will pick between Quarterbacks Greg Hare, a junior, and Dave Purdy, a sophomore. Hare started the last part of the 1971 season after regular Don Lemka joined the wounded list. But Hayes draws on memories of Rex Kern, a starter his sophomore year, when he speaks of Purdy. "He has an inner confidence that comes across," says Woody.

Among the linemen, John Hicks on offense and George Hasenohrl on defense are the blocks upon which the team is constructed. Each has a penchant for avoiding mistakes.

A history aficionado and ready dispenser of homiletic phrases, Hayes could be accused of living in the past by his steady stream of allusions to his 1968-69-70 teams that lost only twice. His office is decorated with favored references. Says one: THOSE WHO CANNOT REMEMBER THE PAST ARE CONDEMNED TO REPEAT IT. A warning, Big Ten. In Columbus, the past is moving back to the present and again the Rose Bowl beckons.



4 PENN STATE

Overshadowed by the New Year's performances of Nebraska, Oklahoma and Stanford was that sweet piece of revenge that took place in the Cotton Bowl—Penn State's 30-6 humiliation of Texas. Surely you remember that 1969 business, Texas chosen No. 1 despite the fact that Penn State was also unbeaten. Well, last January the Nittany Lions made up for it, cricking Texas' wishbone and limiting the Longhorns to two field goals, a strong defensive effort that should be repeated many times this fall. "We're almost as good physically on defense as we were in 1969," says Coach Joe Paterno. Seven starters return to handle Paterno's gambling defense, most notably Bruce Bannon, one of the country's best defensive ends. Geologist Bannon collects straight A's, rocks the passed up every spring scrimmage in favor of field trips) and quarterbacks' heads, which are considerably shrunken after he gets through with them. Linebackers John Skorupen (who has 168 tackles in two seasons) and Tom Hull, End Jim Laskovic, Tackle Jim Heller and Deep Backs Buddy Ellis and Gregg Ducatte terrify sensible opponents. Linebacker Larry Ludwig and Defensive Halfback Steve Davis are pleasant new surprises.

The offense could be rugged, too, and a big reason is Quarterback John Huftnagel. "He is the best college quarterback in the country. Huftnagel can do it all—pass, run, handle the ball—and he is a leader," says Paterno, who has coached some pretty good quarterbacks in his years at Penn State. Running Backs Lydell Mitchell and

Francis Harris are severe losses from an assemblage that produced 4,936 yards, but Fullback Tom Doncher, who started ahead of Harris in the Cotton Bowl and gained 57 yards per carry last fall, returns, as does Bob Nagle. John Cappelletti should be the starting halfback, and Walt Addie and Chuck Herd showed well in the spring. Paterno wants to keep the Cappelletti family happy. John's mother, Anne, brings the coach baskets of Italian food when she comes to home games. He sends her flowers in return.

An excellent set of receivers—Scott Skarzynski, Jimmy Scott, Joe Jackson, Dave Bland, Gary Debes and Gary Hayman—allows for an explosive, dramatic passing game. Guard Carl Schaeckowitch, Tackle Craig Lyle and sophomore Tight Ends Dan Natale and Brian Massella give State something extra up front. If all else fails—and it isn't likely to—there is always Alberto Vitello, the mustachioed, Naples-born, left-footed soccer-style kicker who broke all Penn State kicking records last year.

An index to the season will be the opening game next week against Tennessee, the only team to beat Penn State last year. The Lions will be out for revenge and we know what can happen when they want revenge.

5 ARKANSAS

A crowd of 30,400 people turned out in Little Rock last April to see the Arkansas Razorbacks play their spring practice game, which is about as many folks as had paid to see them in several regular-season Southwest Conference games the previous fall. One reason may have been that it was the last chance to observe Quarterback Joe Ferguson in action for only a dollar. Ferguson is something special, a tall (6'2"), serious perfectionist with a powerful arm that fires footballs as if they were darts. Last year Ferguson led his conference in total offense and passing yardage and this year will certainly be in the forefront of those hailed each week as Heisman Trophy candidates. "I'll never forget the first pass he threw to me when we were freshmen," says Ferguson's favorite target, senior Flanker Mike Reppond. "It went right through both my hands, hit me in the chest and knocked the wind out of me."

Reppond has since figured out how to hold Ferguson's projectiles. Last season he caught 56. Nor can Reppond be summarily double-teamed. He is ably supported by Wide Receivers Jim Hodge and Jack Ettinger.

Arkansas also has two excellent tailbacks to balance the passing and make both the two-back and the Wishbone formations function effectively. They are senior Jon Richardson, an elusive runner who was averaging more than 100 yards a game last year until he broke a leg in the fourth game, and Dickey Morton, a junior with sprinter's speed who replaced Richardson and led the club in rushing with 831 yards.

No problems about the defense, either. Last year it mastered a new formation, the Tennessee 4-3-4, with surprising alacrity and this year all but two starters return.

Prospects as dynamic as these should cheer the heart of even the most morose head coach, but not that of Frank Broyles, starting his 15th season at Arkansas. What he craves now is a fullback who can crunch out short yardage up the middle, and the search is on. It may end with sophomore Marsh White, who is 6'2", weighs 220, gets off at the snap of the ball as if coming out of starting blocks, and who scored 10 touchdowns last year during the freshman team's five-game schedule. Or Broyles may settle on senior Mike Saint, who averaged five yards a carry in '71, scored eight touchdowns and was shifted to fullback for the last three games.

Barring the same rampant case of fumbleitis that seized them last fall (25 of 44 lost) the Razorbacks should encounter only two tough games this year. The first comes this weekend against USC, the next not until October 21st when they meet Texas in Austin. Win those two games and Arkansas should win them all, be headed for the Cotton Bowl and national glory.

6 OKLAHOMA

The great Oklahoma land rush is not over yet. Halfbacks Greg Pruitt and Joe Wylie and Fullback Leon Crosswhite, who get to the front quicker than soonest, are back and better. Pruitt, a 5'9" consensus everything, skittered 1,665 yards last season, a Big Eight record. Wylie, who was expected to be even better than Pruitt before he was injured in the third game, went 984 yards in 1970 as a sophomore. Crosswhite averaged 4.9 yards per carry as a mainstay of the attack. Together with the late lamented Jack Mildren, they outdid even the Sooner gains of 1956 in some areas, setting national records for most yards rushing, most first downs rushing and most total offense per game. The Sooners scored 55 points against Pitt, 48 against Texas, 45 against Colorado, 56 against Kansas, 58 against Oklahoma State, 75 against Kansas State and, in the Sugar Bowl, 40 against Auburn.

Anybody replacing Mildren is going to feel a lot like Andrew Johnson that April day in 1865, but Dave Robertson is a capable quarterback, good enough to plug

straight into the supercharged OU offense without stalling it.

"The number-one thing I want is a quarterback who won't beat us," Coach Chuck Fairbanks says.

Up front will be a superior line from which only one man is lost. In a game last fall All-America Center Tom Brahaney kept his opponent from making more than a single play. Guard Ken Jones and Tackle Dean Unruh are graded almost as high. Ends Albert Chandler and John Carroll block tidily

besides being scoring threats. National kicking-scoring leader as a sophomore with 53 PATs and nine field goals, the 6'5" Carroll doubles as a leaping, tackle-slipping wide receiver.

And now, the defense—which had things to be defensive about last year—asks you to believe that it is the best in years at Oklahoma. The Sooners have switched to a five-man front largely because Lucious Selmon makes such a perfect noseguard. Quiet Lucious may be the strongest man in Oklahoma, one reason being that the Selmons still use mules and hand plows on their farm in Eufrasia. Sophomore Rod Shoke is already called the best linebacker ever to play at Oklahoma, and 6'5" soph Randy Hughes should be not only about the biggest safety in the country but one of the best.

Oklahoma will be O.K. In fact, Oklahoma could be downright cruel. Certainly nice-guy Wylie was asked how he could stand being so mean on the field. "Football is just a game; you don't really have to hurt anyone," Wylie said. "I wouldn't do it out on the street, really run some guy down into the ground. But in a game, if I'm 50 points ahead, I'd just as soon roll it up to 100." Oklahoma is quite capable of doing just that.



7 COLORADO

Strange things are happening at Colorado. An eerie quiet, an odd lassitude prevails at "Berkeley East." The metabolic rate is low, perhaps because—students say—of a shared belief that government, environment, even their personal futures, are out of control; perhaps because priorities have changed. The new student-body president is an ex-marine elected on his promise to veto use of compulsory fees to subsidize antiwar activities. When he did just that, and radicals forced a recall election, he replied briefly, "Nuts to you all." He won again, by 800 votes. There seems to be a Greek revival. And, most unprecedentedly, football—which has always lost out to the mountains as recreation—has become a mania. "People are looking for something to lift them up," says Jon Keyworth, CU's intellectual tight end. "Colleges have been turning out grim pessimists. New people want to be happier, to enjoy society more." Inside Linebacker Bud Magrum, another ex-marine who won two Purple Hearts, agrees and says, "Something to pick people up? That's our team." He could be very right. What few losses Colorado suffered from a No. 3-ranked team are replaced twice over. Keyworth himself, injured all last season, was switched from wingback to tight end when J.V. Cain was declared ineligible for one semester. Called the "best athlete on the team," at 6' 5", 230 pounds Keyworth has speed and fullback power. Worst losses were among receivers, but soph Split End Rich Ellwood and freshman Split End Dave Logan have extraordinary potential. Transfer Orell Collier, a 9.4 sprinter, should be exciting at wingback. Quarterback Ken Johnson, who had a small fracture of the wrist, will be a better passer, too. And Bo Matthews provides a sufficient fill-in at fullback. A leader of the otherwise almost complete double set of champion-quality returners is Charlie Davis, who scooted 1,386 yards last season.

That broke the Colorado single-season record and was the second-highest figure in NCAA history by a sophomore. He also set the one-game mark with 342 yards against Oklahoma State. Davis will be backed by Gary Campbell, who got a record 598 yards and 11 touchdowns as a freshman. Down in the pit, Jake Zumbach and Greg Horton are the best pair of offensive tackles anywhere, and Inside Linebacker Billie Drake and End Rick Kay pop-and-stop impressively in the new 4-4 defense installed by Coach Eddie Crowder's aide, Dan Radakovich, who came from the Pittsburgh Steelers. And Outside Linebackers Randy Geist and John Staveby will embarrass no one, except opponents.

Crowder still talks about "humble hunger," but now has a machine efficient enough that he can admit: "We're trying to build a consistent national powerhouse. We're acquiring the feeling we should be in that throne room."



8 GEORGIA

Frank Merriwell, backed up by the nation's number-one second-string quarterback and assisted by the Slick Greek Streak, made for a well-nigh immortal Georgia backfield last year. They will again this season if something can be done about the mortality in the offensive line.

There is nothing like an All-America guard and tackle and an all-conference guard and center for maintaining godlike backs. It is just such linemen that Coach Vince Dooley had last year and now has lost. He therefore is speaking pessimistically about the season; but not unDooley so. He would talk that way if he had Mercury in the backfield and Zeus up front. The Olympian backs he does have are going to shine again even with less protection—and even though the two of them don't talk. "They're like two peas in a pod," says Dooley. "They've both got those big smiles, but neither one is going to say that much."

The peas, Merriwell and the Greek, are Andy Johnson and Jimmy Poulos, quarterback and runner. As sophomores last year they produced 21 touchdowns, 1,603 yards of offense and no quotations. Poulos is spoken for by his moves, which, says Dooley, "are fantastic, better even than Greg Pruitt's."

Johnson modestly lets his superherosic legend talk. He led Athens High School to the Georgia state co-championship by running 67 yards for a touchdown with no time left in the half and moving the team 75 yards with two tackle-eligible passes during the game's last minute and a half, then passing for a two-point conversion.

Last year against Georgia Tech, Johnson Merriwellled up again: with 1:29 left he ran 22 yards, then passed for 18, nine, seven and 12, then handed off to Poulos for the winning touchdown with 14 seconds to spare. Last spring, switching sports, he hit the first collegiate pitch ever thrown to him for a ninth-inning, game-winning home run. Johnson, says Dooley, "is the most relaxed athlete I've ever seen. In fact sometimes I think he's too relaxed."

Senior James Ray is less relaxed than Johnson, because he doesn't get to start, but he is a picture-book purser who started in as a sophomore, filled in ably when Johnson was hurt last year and "has enough stuff to rise above human feelings" (i.e., envy), says Dooley. The Bulldogs' generally sound defense will be led by Leman L. (Buz) Rosenberg. Buz, also known as Super Frog because he jumps so high, was only 5' 8" last year. Even so, he was able to run back punts for an NCAA-record 202 yards and two touchdowns against Oregon State. Recently Dooley made the official announcement that Rosenberg actually had grown an inch. No telling what heights he can ascend to now.

9 USC

Inside Heritage Hall, USC's gaudy-sized display case for the truckloads of bric-a-brac won since 1880, John McKay commutes between the athletic director's office in the north end and the football coach's office in the south end, boasting two desks as well as two hats. If he sometimes appears to be talking to himself as he rushes past Heisman statues, 50 NCAA championship trophies and other goodies, it is no doubt just Coach McKay giving Athletic Director McKay an oral progress report. One might suppose two McKays would be enough for any one school, but this season USC has a third, sophomore J.K. McKay, son of John. A wide receiver who is not very fast or big, he can't do much at all except shake loose and catch passes.

Young J.K. is part of what could be the best sophomore group in Trojan history. His high school battery-mate, Pat Haden, who lived for a while with the McKay family, a move that must have been discouraging to rival recruiters, is a good enough passer and runner to share quarterback time with senior Mike Rue, the team's leading scorer last season. Tailback Allen Carter is "the fastest big man we've ever had," and Linebacker Richard Wood could be the best of all.

Yes, the Trojans are loaded again, anxious to redeem themselves after two disappointing 6-4-1 seasons and hoping to cram a few more hauls into Heritage Hall. The schedule is, as usual, brutal: Arkansas, fast improving Illinois, Michigan State, Notre Dame, Washington and Stanford. Getting through that minefield safely is unlikely, but USC does have the muscle to get to the Rose Bowl.

Rue and Haden will be passing to a flock of fine receivers headed by McKay, sprinter Edsel Garrison (who ruined Notre Dame last season) and Lynn Swann. Fullback Sam (Bam) Cunningham is back after knee surgery and Tailback Rod McNeill is supposedly recovered from a badly broken right hip. If he isn't, Carter and two other excellent prospects will be waiting to join Sam Bam in McKay's I formation. All starters but one return in the offensive line. "Very impressive," admitted McNeill "but our defense will be young and the offense will have to win at least the first three or four games. That's what the coaches have told us."

That was indeed the coaching staff's opinion going into spring practice, but Linebacker Wood and several other sophomores proved themselves ready, and Defensive Tackle John Grant, a senior from Idaho, continued to show McKay that he's "one of the most consistent linemen I've had in my 12 years at USC." Midway through spring drills, McKay was so pleased that he said, "We've got a real hard-hitting team, and I think the tackling could be as good as we've ever had." And he wasn't just talking to his athletic director, either.

10 ALABAMA

"I don't know what kind of football team we'll have," says Bear Bryant. "You used to be able to tell, but you can't anymore. Times have changed." That is an interesting admission to be made by the only football coach primal enough to have an animal named after him.

This year, chances are Alabama will intimidate opponents, which is the fitting thing for a Bryant team to do, and in fact the only thing for his players to do if they know what is good for them. Johnny Musso, the Italian Stallion, is gone, but the Wishbone will be back with the same quarterback, Terry Davis, directing it, and there will be a number of new hooves to nail Musso's shoes onto. Furthermore, if it is true that an army travels on its stomach, then the Crimson attack will be in good shape, because Alabama may have the strongest offensive maw-jaw in the country.

First consider the runners, Joe (Cat) LaBue, who started at halfback last year, led the SEC in average gain per rush. Ellis Beck and Steve (Grapes) Biscaglia are, respectively, an A-student and the scion of a fine

old winemaking family from Fresno, Calif. Neither of those distinctions may be worth a whole lot to a running back, but Beck and Biscaglia can also run good; they shared fullback last year. At least five other backs, two of whom are black and one of whom, Paul Spryey, hit three home runs in one game for the baseball team last spring (for what *that* may be worth to a running back), appear qualified to gain significant numbers of SEC yards.

Knocking folks down in front of this wealth of ballcarriers will be John Hannah and Buddy Brown at guards and Jim Krapf at center. Hannah is down to 264 from the 298 he weighed last spring when he won the SEC shotput and discus. When he heard that Bryant's coaching tower had been blown over by a strong wind, Hannah said, "I hope they get it fixed before fall practice. I don't want him down there on the field." The fact is that John could probably throw The Bear a good distance, but then again times have not changed to the point that he would try it.

Krapf and Brown are themselves large and strong enough that they won't need to cry "Help me, Hannah!" Krapf is three-time SEC heavyweight wrestling champion and his father is a millionaire Delaware construction tycoon, for what that may be worth to a center.

The defense will not be as imposing as the offense, but it should be quick and rangy enough to do fine. The best defender may be End John Mitchell, who last year became the team's first black starter, is a classical-music buff and is nicknamed "Shafi." That lends something of a new tone to the Crimson Tide, but the philosophy remains the same—win. Alabama will do a lot of it.



Jet-Set Loyalty

"Have you ever tasted Ballantine's Scotch before?"



"Yes, on Air Algeria,
Air Canada,
Alitalia,
American Airlines,
Austrian Airlines,
B.O.A.C.,
Braathens Airtransport,
Braniff International,
Bulgarian Airlines,
Eastern Airlines,
Finnair,
Iberia Airlines,
Icelandair,
Icelandic Airlines,
J.A.T. Airlines,
Nigeria Airlines,
PSA,
Sabena,
S.A.S.,
Transaero,
Aviacion,
Tunis Air,
UTA Airlines,
Wardair,
Western Airlines,

Delicious, isn't it?"

*The more you know about Scotch,
the more loyal you are to Ballantine's.*

Be a Ballantine's Loyalist

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED MALT WHISKY • 50 PROOF IMPORTED BY J. J. HANCOCK, NEW YORK





Illustration: HOFF JOE. (1) Pleated pocket shirt, \$19; slacks, \$24. (2) Double-breasted cardigan, \$35; (3) long short-sleeved, \$21; slacks, \$33.





Overcoat, \$220.00. Red sweater, \$75.00. Patterned trousers, \$20.00. Yellow armchair, \$25.00. Table, \$75.00.

Men's Wear.
By
Pendleton.

Now from Kool, for low-tar smokers looking for taste...

KOOL MILDS.

The taste of extra coolness
with lowered tar, too.

© 1972, PHILIP MORRIS INC. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Now for the first time low-tar smokers can enjoy the extra coolness that makes Kool Kings and Kool Longs so popular.

New Kool Milds tobaccos are light, mild, and lowered in tar.

Just the right amount of pure menthol, pure white filter, too.

Here is the taste of extra coolness low-tar smokers have waited so long to enjoy.

Enjoy a cooler kind of mild.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Kool Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Kool Kings 16 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, Kool Longs 18 mg. "tar,"

1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Apr. 72.

11 NOTRE DAME

Even at the school that manufactures it, tradition suddenly may dissolve into a transient quality. Thus this fall a pair of traditions crumble at Notre Dame. Females, predictably, have joined the student body. And for the first time in the Era of Ara—that wonderful period of football restoration—the Fighting Irish are struggling to regain a lofty national ranking. It may not be easy.

Last year's 8-2 season prevented Notre Dame from finishing among the top 10 for the first time since Ara Parseghian appeared on the South Bend practice field eight seasons and 66 victories ago. Pride suffered, especially since the 1971 team included eight players eventually taken in the opening rounds of last year's pro draft and was favored by many to win the national championship. "We are in the middle of a tremendous rebuilding job," Parseghian cautions for 1972. "You can't buy experience. It has to be earned."

It certainly will have to be earned on the defensive line, which is unusual for a Parseghian team. Under Ara, the Irish have allowed but

86.4 yards rushing per game. Now only Defensive Tackle Greg Marx returns from the front four of Walt Patulski, Fred Swendsen, Mike Kadish and Marx, best in the nation last year. As a matter of fact, the entire Irish defense has an air of the unknown. Only four lettermen return.

It is hoped that Cliff Brown will assume leadership of the offense, although he will have stiff competition from Tom Clements, who looked good in the spring game. Brown is a unique player: a black starting quarterback, the first in Notre Dame's history. Last season he was thrust into the role because of injuries to others. When he was good, the Irish were impressive. But when Brown was bad, as he was in the losses to Southern California and LSU, Notre Dame floundered. "Our whole offense last year was one big fumble on the five," growls Tackle John Dampeer. "We could have scored 40 points a game if we had held onto the ball."

Brown is working on improved balance and peripheral vision to help his passing, but the best way to take pressure off a quarterback is to have a runner who can take the ball from him and do something positive with it. Notre Dame may have such a scatback in sophomore Eric Penick. "We finally got someone who can run a 9.5 hundred," says Tight End Mike Creaney. "He's like O. J. Simpson," adds Guard Frank Pomarico. "You just watch him and wait for something to happen."

The rest of the country will be watching Notre Dame. If the Irish can survive their first three games—Northwestern, Purdue, Michigan State—the youngsters may be seasoned enough to put the team back near the top.

12 ARIZONA STATE

Frank Kush has three major goals this season: to direct his Sun Devils to their fourth straight Western Athletic Conference championship, to win his third straight bowl game, and to keep Woody Green eligible—not necessarily in order of difficulty. Halfback Green was the ninth leading rusher in the country last season and one of only two unanimous All-WAC picks, but he was not a classroom whiz. Early last year he left the team and went home to Portland, Ore., citing family problems. Kush is not one to let a key player off the hook without at least an attempt to reel him back. He made a hurry-up trip to Portland and changed Green's mind. Today there is a chalkboard timetable in the ASU football office assigning various people to guide the star through the scholastic maze.

On the field he needs less help. Green (6' 1", 196 pounds), a slashing-type runner, scored nine touchdowns and averaged 121 yards per game last season. He also has good outside speed.

Kush probably will accomplish his other goals, too.

He usually does. He has a .700 winning percentage as a head coach (third behind Joe Paterno and Bob Devaney) and his ASU teams have posted a 22-1 record over the past two years. The one defeat was to Oregon State, which has beaten the Sun Devils five out of the six times they have met in Kush's era. They battle again this fall in Sun Devil Stadium. The first major challenge, however, is the nationally televised opener at Houston next week, and what the viewers see will be

typical Kush, the multiple offense and the Oklahoma 5-2-4 defense. "We aren't going to make any changes," he says. "We've been using the multiple offense 17 years, and we just move it around to fit the needs of personnel. We are altering a bit in that we've always gone for the small, quick lineman. Now we're on a weight training program and this year will have the biggest line we ever have fielded."

Green is the main running threat, but the rest of the backfield starters return, too. Fullback Ben Malone, younger brother of ASU All-America Art, missed three games but still gained 363 yards and scored four TDs. Wingback Steve Holden scored a touchdown every seventh time he handled the ball. The attack will be directed by junior Quarterback Dan White, who took over the first-string job last year.

Many of the other starters will be new. Kush needs offensive tackles and some depth at center, and on defense he has lost the entire front wall except for End Larry Shorty (who happens to be 6' 5") and all but one starting back. Kush isn't worried because he will use the younger players in the defensive line.

"Those Young Turks can go charging in with reckless abandon—and not get in the way of our ball carrier."



13 TENNESSEE

In the old days at Tennessee, under General Bob Neyland, September was a month for knocking down blocking dummies and running the off-tackle play 100 times a day. Neyland's teams generally played only one game in September, against someone amenable like Mercer. How times have changed. Under Bill Battle this month the Vols will play four games and three of the opponents are definite non-Mercers. "It won't take us very long to find out what kind of team we're going to have," says Battle.

Should be a good one. With the graduation of Bobby, Tennessee finally has come to the end of a generation of Majorses: his runs with punts and interceptions will be missed. So will the great, big-play linebacking for which the Vols have become justly famous. But in a less spectacular way the defense looks traditionally strong.

Speaking of tradition, Tennessee was the first to go against the Southeastern one of neglecting the region's black talent. That progressivism is paying off. This year's Vols will have a slashing black quarterback-plugger in Defensive End Ken Lambert, and the strongest man on the squad may be black Defensive Tackle Robert Pulliam.

It is in the backfield, however, where blacks will be most evident. There will be potentially sensational breakaway threats Haskeel (Snap Back With) Stanback and Paul Carruthers, and most importantly there will be Condredge Holloway, a cinch to become the SEC's first regular black quarterback. Interestingly enough, the season's TV opener pits Holloway against Georgia Tech's Eddie McAshan, who two years ago became the first of his race to play quarterback—or any position—at that school.

"Condredge can do some things quickenwise and speedwise for us that we haven't been able to do for the last few years," says Battle. Translated from Standard Coaching English, that means Holloway can gain sudden amounts of yardage cutting and running, not to mention throwing. His best play is the busted drop-back pass call, where he scrambles out of trouble and disappears off into the distance. Another way he differs from run-of-the-mill signal-callers is that he enjoys lowering his head and running into people—enjoys it so much, in fact, that Battle says, "We are going to have to teach Condredge that discretion is the better part of valor."

Reportedly Holloway passed up a \$100,000 bonus offer from the Montreal Expos—probably the most money ever forgone by any citizen of Huntsville, Ala., black, white or missile-worker—in favor of an education. Three years from now he may be on his way to a big-league shortstopping career, but in the meantime he will be doing some long going for the Vols.



14 TEXAS

Prospects in Austin cannot possibly be as meager as they seem, but for a Texas team they seem poor. Which means the Longhorns may lose two or three games, finish second in the Southwest Conference behind Arkansas and struggle to be ranked among the top 20. And yet, despite an occasional gloomy forecast, Coach Darrell (Daddy D) Royal usually manages to patch something workable together. In fact, the Texans will be trying to hook onto their fifth straight conference title, but to accomplish this Royal may have to recruit a few four-legged Longhorns. Gone are both Eddie Phillips and Dennis Wigginton, the running-passing quarterback so vital to Royal's Wishbone offense. Gone is the splendid halfback, Jim Bertelsen, an outside threat. Gone are . . . well, a whole bunch of key personnel. The only really outstanding returning player is giant All-America Offensive Tackle Jerry Sisemore, and even Sisemore, who is 6' 4", 240 pounds, can't knock down more than two or three would-be tacklers per play. To field some sort of effective combination, Royal has had

to juggle his forces like Bobby Fischer. All-conference Defensive Halfback Alan Lowry will start at quarterback; Bill Wyman, Sisemore's opposite at left tackle, will shift to center; Defensive Back Tommy Landry will attempt to replace Bertelsen as a running back; and Offensive Tackle Julius Whittier moves to tight end. Royal attempted to work Linebacker Glenn Gaspard into the full-back spot, but Gaspard was injured during spring drills and will stay where he belongs.

"We're just as average as everyday's wash," Royal declared of this mélange at the end of spring training, "and I don't see much hope for us jumping out and being anything else. We're going to have to fight for everything we get."

Despite the loss of Lowry to the offense, the defense will be at least solid enough to keep Texas alive until the offense begins to work out the inevitable swarm of bugs. Gaspard will be joined at linebacker by all-conference Randy Brahm. The deep secondary will be weakened, but the defensive ends look stronger than last year.

Aided by the blocking of Sisemore and veteran Guards Don Crosslin (6' 242) and Travis Rouch (6' 3", 251), Lowry may put some surprising muscle into the Wishbone. He and the rest of the inexperienced Longhorns have just three games to acquire the necessary seasoning before the real toughies, Oklahoma and Arkansas, come rolling around on consecutive Saturdays in October. Chances are good the Texans will lose both these games, though not by the 48-27 and 31-7 whompings they suffered last year; drop possibly one more, to Texas Tech or resurgent Texas A&M; and finish the season with their horns held respectfully high.

15 FLORIDA STATE

Exciting pass-catch combinations are as much a tradition at Florida State as the nickname "Seminoles." Invariably the coming of autumn produces such lively pairings as Steve Tensi throwing to Fred Biletnikoff, Kim Hammond to Ron Sellers or, as last year, Gary Huff to Rhet Dawson. In 1971 Huff, with Dawson catching 62 passes and a quintet of other fine receivers gathering in 110 more, led the nation in total offense with 241 yards per game and in touchdown passes with 23. That all added up to an 8-3 record and then a 45-38 loss to Arizona State in a Fiesta Bowl that had all the excitement its title indicates. This year Dawson and four other top receivers are gone, but Huff will be back for his senior year and in all likelihood the other half of the tradition will be upheld by Wide Receiver Barry Smith, who warmed up for the role last year by averaging 22 yards gained on 33 receptions, one for 88 yards. Tradition will be severely taxed, however, by the fact that Florida State will be short of zap in its kicking game, short of experienced running backs and short of depth at key positions. If the Seminoles are to rank with the top teams in the country again, Huff-to-Smith may have to become one of the more memorable passing combinations ever seen on the Tallahassee campus.

What will make life difficult for Huff-to-Smith is that there are no receivers likely to complement Smith, as Smith and the others complemented Dawson, and so defensive double-teaming could seriously muffle all that explosive potential. Which is doubly a shame because Coach Lurry Jones may not have much of a running threat to relieve defensive pressure on Huff-to-Smith. His three top running backs from last year are gone and Jones must count on transfers Mack Brown, from Vanderbilt, and Hodges Mitchell, from TCU, to provide that punch. Nor did spring practice yield any reliable kickers to fill the void left by Punter Duane Carrell and Placekicker Frank Fontes. A weak bench will also be a problem. "To equal last year we're going to have to find depth," says Jones, "and he lucky enough to stay healthy."

The cheerful news is a sturdy defense, one of the best in the country, and a far from awesome schedule. The Seminoles have six defenders who, like Huff and Smith, will certainly go high in this winter's pro draft. They are James Thomas, a sure tackler and alert pass defender who will play rover after two years at cornerback, big, tough Defensive Ends Charlie Hunt and Bert Cooper, speedy Cornerback Eddie McMillan and Linebackers Dan Whitehurst and Larry Strickland. If State can stay healthy, if weaknesses can be alleviated, if it can get by perennially tough Houston, Auburn and Florida at midseason, then it could finish undefeated. But that is probably one or two ifs too many.

16 WASHINGTON

As a reward for consistently giving 110% effort, top defensive players at Washington—few of whom are math majors—get their helmets painted purple to match their bruises. The offensive men are less ostentatious. When singled out by the coaches for uncommon hustle, they stick little Husky-head decals on their helmets. Some people think such motivational gimmicks are childish, but Defensive Back Phil Andrie says, "Let 'em scoff. They don't really understand what it means—to set out to do something and he told you've done it well."

Andrie and that celebrated Cherokee quarterback, Sonny Sixkiller, are part of a cadre of seniors who have helped bring the Huskies back to respectability: 6-4 as sophomores, 8-3 last year when two of the losses were by a frustrating total of three points, and a solid chance for the Rose Bowl this season. Washington has 19 starters back and the enthusiasm in Seattle has been raging like the fire that destroyed most of the business district in 1889.

The featured attraction is Sixkiller, the strong-armed, quick-releasing passer from Ashland, Ore, who led the nation in his specialty in 1970, then was overshadowed in his own league by Stanford's Don Bunce in 1971. Dropped passes and interceptions contributed to his statistical slippage. His favorite target again will be Split End Tom Scott, so small at 5' 10" and 170 pounds that Sixkiller, no giant himself, must search through the crowd for the most-decorated helmet. Scott not only caught 35 passes last year but gained nearly



a quarter of a football field on each reception, an average of 23.4 yards. Sixkiller has a tough, veteran line blocking for him all the way across. The defensive line, led by Tackle Gordy Gunn, and the defensive backfield, led by two-time All-League Cornerback Calvin Jones, are exceptionally strong. Jones left school after the 1970 season when the team was torn by racial problems, and had actually enrolled at Long Beach City College before being lured back to Washington. The school has since hired a black assistant coach and a black assistant athletic director in hopes of preventing a recurrence.

But before the Huskies accept their Rose Bowl bid, there are problems. One is having to play their two strongest rivals, Stanford and USC, on the road on successive weekends. Another is the apparent lack of a good running attack. Jim Dwens, starting his 16th season as head coach, has no breakaway threats but hopes he has at least enough first-down threats in Darrell Downey, Luther Slight and others to give Sixkiller an occasional breather. In other areas, Dwens is preparing carefully. He is replacing Husky Stadium's old Astro-Turf with a new, improved rug from the same company and he is buying an ample supply of purple paint.

17 MISSISSIPPI

The State of Mississippi has not had a Miss America or a championship football team in several years, and Ole Miss has not had a quarterback with a great name for longer than that. Back in 1953-55 there was a perfect quarterback name in Eagle Day, but consider what Mississippi has had to get by with in recent years: "Jake Gibbs" sounds like a prospector, "Glynn Griffin" should be a Hollywood set designer and "Archie Manning" could be that freckled-faced kid you went to high school with.

Names aside, however, the Rebels have had some pretty impressive figures in the quarterback slot. This year they have two. "Norris Weese" sounds like a minor, disagreeable Faulkner character, perhaps a querulous druggist, and "Kenny Lyons" might be the male lead in a Methodist Youth Fellowship film, but they came through for Coach Billy Kinard last year.

As sophomores both Weese and Lyons starred. Lyons less so only because he was hurt most of the year. Because they, instead of Manning, were around this time last year it was expected that Ole Miss would not be a power, but in Kinard's first season as head coach the Rebels went 10-2, including an easy win in their 15th straight bowl appearance (the Peach).

"Kinard"—a fine old name Billy, 38, is the youngest of four brothers who played for Ole Miss, and his big brother Frank (Bruiser) is athletic director. When on successive weekends Alabama and Georgia beat Ole Miss resoundingly there was open talk that perhaps Billy was too young and inexperienced to be a coach. But that turned out to be a cinch. Both Kinards hung in there, went the rest of the season undefeated and beat LSU in particular. Now it is clear once again that Kinards can do it. This year they're back with Kenny and Norris what's-their-names and all the other offensive starters of '71 except one.

The highest returnees include senior Tailback Greg Ainsworth, who led the team in rushing last year; junior Tight End Butch (Make It Look Easy) Veaery, who can do everything a tight end is supposed to do and can also get extremely loose, long, all of a sudden; 6' 3½" pass-catching Wingback Bill Barry; junior Offensive Linemen Chuck Wood and Art Bressler, and senior Defensive End Reggie Bill, who scooped up so many fumbles last year that there was some danger he might become known as "Spoon" Bill.

The Rebel defense lags behind the offense, but in his years as a defensive backfield coach at such schools as Georgia and Arkansas, Kinard's units became known for their stangness. So he is unlikely to neglect that part of the game.

Prospects look good, in fact, if Mississippi can only produce another Miss America. Now there is a name.



18 MICHIGAN

When his Big Ten coaching peers heard that Bo Schembechler had left for a vacation in Denmark and Norway late last spring, several of them suggested sarcastically that Bo probably was off looking for a Scandinavian placekicker. Not really. Bo has a 25-year-old ex-GI, Mike Lantry, to do the placekicking this year, and he did not have to go out of the states, just out of state to come up with a big parcel of new talent for Michigan's team.

Schembechler always seems to be coming up with something. In his three seasons as coach at Michigan, the Wolverines have been to the Rose Bowl twice and have lost only three regular-season games. And considering imported talent like Gil Chapman, a wingback from Elizabeth City, N.J., the people around Ann Arbor expect Schembechler's success to continue. Chapman is only a sophomore, but after he scored on a 60-yard pass play in the Michigan spring game coaches and alumni were seen jubilantly patting each other on the back. "He's the fastest player I've ever had at Michigan," says Bo, adding that Chapman scored more than 300 points in high school despite having 22 touchdowns called back.

Another newcomer likely to help replace the 13 graduated starters from last year is sophomore Dennis Franklin, a quarterback from that football-rich town, Massillon, Ohio. Schembechler probably will start by alternating the three junior quarterbacks he has returning but by the end of the season, just about the time that

Purdue and Ohio State roll around, Franklin to Chapman could be a familiar—and winning—play.

Michigan does have some good veterans left from last year's 11-1 team. Ed Shuttlesworth gained 875 yards at fullback in 1971—even though he started only two games. This season he should do even better.

With Chapman and Shuttlesworth, and a herd of other winged feet, Michigan will have decidedly more speed, but the success of the season may well rest on the broad shoulders of two tackles, Fred Grambau on defense and Paul Seymour on offense. Both are fifth-year men, having been red shinned because of injuries, and Seymour, at least, will have a new and difficult chore. He is a converted tight end who stood out as a blocker for two seasons before Schembechler decided his 6'5", 231 pounds could be put to even better use. Seymour's replacement, 6'6", 225-pound Paul Seal, is no less impressive physically.

The Wolverines have one other thing in their favor. For each of their home games at Michigan's stadium, 104,000 fans turn out to offer enthusiastic support. Thus bolstered, the Wolverine teams have not lost at home to a Big Ten team since 1967. Since they play Ohio State in Columbus, that record should continue.

19 STANFORD

After Stanford decided to drop the nickname "Indians," leaving the warpaint routines to William & Mary, the Rapon Redskins, the Central Michigan Chippewas and innumerable others, some of the suggestions for a replacement were awful: "Cardinals" and "Thunder-chickens" were two temporary choices. "I thought they would come up with something better, but Thunder-chickens isn't that bad an idea," said new Head Coach Jack Christiansen. "Look at some other suggestions: Pinkos, Cockroaches and Warmongers."

Whatever Stanfordites decide to call themselves by the time of their opener versus San Jose State, the team is going to be quite different from the one that beat Michigan 13-12 in that Rose Bowl thriller last season. Coach John Ralston left to join the Denver Broncos and was replaced by Christiansen, who coached the San Francisco 49ers for five years before joining Ralston's staff in 1968. Thirteen Rose Bowl starters are gone, including Quarterback Don Bunce and Linebacker Jeff Siemon, but Christiansen has enough good material left on The Farm to make a run for a third consecutive Pacific Eight championship. Much depends on Quarterback Mike Boryla, son of ex-pro basketball player Vince (now president of the Utah Stars). He hopes to fill Bunce's shoes; the way Bunce filled Jim Plunkett's and it should help that he inherits Bunce's three best receivers. Boryla did well in the spring game but was outplayed by JC transfer Dave Ottmar, who completed 18 of 24 passes and nearly punted the ball out of the Palo Alto city limits. Junior John Winesberry from Oklahoma is moving from wide receiver to running back because, Christiansen says, "We'll have a better percentage handing it to him than passing to him. He's got to be the key to the offense this year. He doesn't know where he's going, so I don't know how the hell anybody else does." Back also is Rod Garcia, who kicked the two field goals against Michigan.

With numerous painful losses on defense, Stanford can't be anything but easier to attack this year. The backfield will be good, with Charles McCloud, a Texan who has not allowed a completion over his head in two years, and Randy Polt, who had 14 tackles against Michigan. Christiansen must find replacements in the line to aid Pierre Perreault and Roger Cowan. Those two helped make last year's team the best in the league against the rush and in total defense. The newcomers in the middle are a pair of 220-pounders, Pete Hanson and Barry Reynolds. There's experience at linebacker with Jim Merlo and Pat Moore but neither is equal to departed All-America Jeff Siemon. Still, Christiansen is confident, at least outwardly.

"They say these things run in cycles," he said. "If that's true, no one here feels our cycle is over."

20 IOWA STATE

Williams Field in Ames, Iowa relegates one-third of its Saturday patrons to end-zone seats. This is unconventional architecture but until last season it was ideally suited, since the opposition spent its afternoons hanging around the goalposts, too. The ancient facility seats only 35,000, but the team residing there, Iowa State, has seldom deserved better.

Last season, however, there unexpectedly occurred an 8-3-0 regular season, which represented the most wins in 65 years and produced the team's first bowl invitation (the Sun) and top 20 recognition. There was even a sellout, only the second since Williams Field was enlarged in 1964.

The run of success should continue in 1972 because there are 14 returning starters and just enough non-conference lightweights on the schedule. Iowa State will not be a Nebraska, an Oklahoma or a Colorado but the Camp Dodge, Oklahoma Central and Otum was that plagued its past are no longer a threat. The average score of the team's eight victories last year was

a thumping 37-14 and, as all those corn farmers can tell you, that's no bad yield.

"Iowa State was 50 years behind times when I came here [in 1968]," says Coach John Majors. "There were poor facilities, no alumni support, a defeatist attitude and very little tradition. We've still got a way to go but we've caught up by about 10 years."

Graduation losses were heaviest on offense, especially in the interior line, where three sophomores start. Quarterback falls

to George Amundson, who set a school rushing record as a tailback last season by gaining more than 1,300 yards. Amundson actually began his collegiate career as a quarterback but his speed and durability oriented him toward the run. He does his best flinging with the discs—his throw of 177 feet is a school track mark—but he will also take advantage of a fine trio of receivers headed by Tight End Keith Krepfe. This seems to suggest a series of quarterback options, but Tailback Jerry Moses must also be considered. He was a sensation as a prepster but missed his first collegiate season with a broken foot. Fully mended, Moses commands respect.

The veteran defense has eight returning starters headed by Tackle Lawrence (Big Daddy) Hunt and Linebacker Matt Blaz. Big Daddy is fearsome but inconsistent, Blaz only fearsome.

Iowa State's sudden rise from the frequent last-place Big Eight finish was widely noticed last year. Majors heard from five college and professional teams who had similar rebuilding jobs to offer. He chose to remain in Ames, influenced perhaps by the prospect of a new stadium, for which supporters have already pledged \$6.2 million. "Our image," says Majors, "is changing."



Arrmy, Navy and Air Force can play for an inter-academy championship this season because the joint chiefs of the athletic staffs have finally put together a round-robin schedule. Unfortunately, they also face the likes of Nebraska (Army), Colorado (Air Force) and Notre Dame (Navy) as well as assorted Penn States, Arizona States and Michigans. There's a Catch-22 to that kind of schedule-making but the academy teams seem more able than usual. At Army, Tom Cahill has 27 lettermen back, and among the 14 starters is Quarterback Kingsley Fink, who led the Cadets to four wins in their last five games, including a one-point victory over Navy, and a 6-4 record. King Fink has a bonus awaiting him Sept. 30 when Army plays at Texas A&M. Prior to kickoff he'll be made an honorary citizen of Fink, Texas.

Navy Coach Rick Forzano believes this year's team will surpass the previous four, which together won only eight games. He too has experience—just three starters missing. Quarterback Fred Stuvek is a fine passer and Receiver Larry Van Loan is the "best Navy athlete since Roger Staubach," according to Forzano. Van Loan caught 41 passes for 589 yards as a sophomore. Air Force retains half its 6-4 team but offensive punch is needed to assure a fifth straight winning season. Two players are particularly impressive, Center Ordean Mitchell and Defensive End Gene Ogilvie. Coach Ben Martin says Mitchell is the best offensive lineman ever at Air Force, while Ogilvie already has All-America recognition.

Over the past six seasons Houston developed into college football's most exciting offensive machine, winning more than 70% of its games and never failing to make the final top 20. The Cougars will again swing out of the Vee T, but with 16 starters gone from a 9-3 team, the results shouldn't be as devastating as in the past.

Running Backs Robert Newhouse and Tom Moizek will be replaced by Marshall Johnson, a prized sophomore, and Leonard Parker, a capable junior. Gary Mullins' successor at quarterback, D.-C. Nohles, affords quickness and speed in the option series but his passing is inconsistent. In fact, except for an offensive lineman here and a defensive back there, everyone is green. The right side of that offensive front does have guitar-picking Guard David Bourquin back for the third year along with Tackle Luke Seungis. The three defensive returnees are End Bill Stohles and Halfbacks Burl Fuller and Randy Peacock. Linebacker O. R. McCallion is also highly considered but so many holes to fill it is probably fortunate that Houston's Southwest Conference participation does not begin until 1976.

The folks at Utah State are intoxicated by the return of Quarterback Tony Adams, but may not have noticed the absence of 19 offensive and defensive regulars who also

contributed to a fine 8-3 season. The last we saw of the Aggies they were bombing a couple of Japanese all-star teams 50-6 and 46-6. "We hope that a year from now the scores are forgotten, but sportsmanship and friendship are remembered," Coach Chuck Mills said afterward. Mills should hear something similar after his team plays Oklahoma and Texas. So sorry.

In the Midwest, Cincinnati will have a few new assets as it seeks to reach or surpass the 7-4 level of the last two years. The addition of redshirted Quarterback Mike Shoemaker gives the Bearcats a passing orientation. He showed well in the spring game, completing 16 of 34 attempts, and Zeke Harden caught 13. There is also more defensive size and strength as a result of beefier personnel. Northern Illinois is a team of the future with young, second-year Coach Jerry Ippoliti counting 18 starters back from a surprising 5-5-1 team. Quarterback Terry Dragan will mold the new 1 formation around the talents of Fullback Mark Kellar and Wide Receiver Willie Hatter. Dayton, a

loser last year, should have even more trouble this fall. The running game will miss Gary Kosers, and Receiver Larry Nickels won't be worth five cents without help at quarterback.

When Xavier defeated Bowling Green 42-27 last November it ended a 27-game losing streak against college teams and gave the Musketeers their third straight 1-9 season. The only victories in 1969 and '70 came against the Quantico Marines. Xavier, at last, may be improving. Experience abounds, the offense has a new pro look and 6'4", 240-pound Guard Gil Hyland is back after a year-long injury bout. Even more encouraging for those fed up

with 1-9 records is the schedule. It has 11 games.

Moving South we find Georgia Tech, about whom it was said last winter: "Georgia Tech is a Ramblin' Wreck in a helluva, helluva mess." The main problem was a disappointing 6-5 record which led to the dismissal of Bud Carson. This earned him the unique distinction of being the only Yellow Jacket coach ever fired, although the proceedings had the unfortunate smell of a public hanging. The election-year duty of healing wounds fell to Carson's successor, Bill Fulcher. He deemed his team "intelligent, willing to work and confident of its ability," and declared his assistants to be "as fine a staff as any school's in the nation." Is everybody happy? Probably, since Fulcher has 14 veteran starters and an offensive coach, Steve Sloan, who should help talented but erratic Quarterback Eddie McAshan. Also returning are Tailback Greg Horne, the No. 1 rusher, Tight End Mike Owen, the leading receiver, and End Brad Bourne, the most menacing defender. The schedule isn't too hard to swallow, with a lot of cream cheese between rugged Tennessee on Sept. 9 and Georgia on Dec. 2.

Tampa also has a new coach because Georgia Tech's

THE INDEPENDENTS



**Whatever you drive, wherever you go,
Pennzoil is worth asking for.**





Marlboro Red or Lights 100's—
you get a lot to like.



Marlboro

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine—100's: 20 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

A photograph of a herd of horses running through a field of tall grass and wildflowers. The horses are in various colors, including white, brown, and black. The scene is captured in a dynamic, slightly blurred manner, suggesting movement. The word "Country" is overlaid in large white letters on the bottom left.

Country

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**ELAPSED TIME
8 HRS. 38 MIN.**



8:01 A.M.

2:29 P.M.

General Electric's answer to the housing shortage. It's all in a day's work.

The United States, with one of the busiest construction industries in the world, faces a shortage of up to 6 million new homes in the next ten years.

One of the causes is that houses have always been built largely by hand. But there's no reason modern manufacturing techniques can't speed up the building of a house.

That's what GE was asked to do under contract to the Dept. of Defense and HUD.

GE now operates two factories turning out comfortable, attractive, reasonably priced homes. The houses come off an assembly line as one or two-room modules, finished inside and out. They are shipped to a site and assembled quickly by a local builder. The eight-apartment unit above was put up in Las Vegas by a Sun Home Builder's crew in a bit over eight hours.

General Electric has introduced a lot of new ideas for homes. Self-cleaning ovens, garbage disposers. And now, new ideas in homes themselves.

The housing shortage won't be solved overnight. But GE is working at it every day.

Men helping Man



OUR NO. 1 GOAL
TO MAKE
GENERAL ELECTRIC
YOUR BEST BUY

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Fulcher was the previous one. Earle Bruce, a Woody Hayes assistant for seven years, joins the Spartans as they make the transition from college-division to major-college status. "Suits me," says the coach. "I still have the same team with the same schedule." It is in fact nearly the same team as last year, with 15 starters returning. The offense needs only to plug the tackle slots, vacated by two early departures for the Canadian League. Seven defensive returnees are headed by 275-pound Tackle John Matuszak.

Another former Tampa coach is Fran Curci, who checked out of the 82-year-old Moorish-style hotel which serves as the Tampa campus and packed off to Miami. The Hurricanes were 4-7 in Curci's first season but they should breeze easier this fall. Curci is running out of nice things to say about Chuck Foreman, who last year broke the school rushing record with 971 yards. Curci has already called the 6' 3" 215-pounder "the greatest running back in the United States" and the "greatest offensive player I have ever seen." Foreman also plays the trumpet. The leader on defense is Linebacker Harold Sears, a 26-year-old Vietnam veteran who plays no musical instrument but made 21 unassisted tackles against Notre Dame last year.

Virginia Tech won only four of 11 games in 1971 although Quarterback Don Strock was second in the nation in passing and third in total offense. Strock returns to direct Coach Charlie Coffey's new "Gobble-Wobble" offense, which puts more emphasis on the running game. There is also an inordinate amount of machismo, as displayed by Defensive Tackle John Sprengle. He drew Coffey's praise following the spring game because he played "and played well, despite the fact that he had dislocated a shoulder the previous Wednesday. That's the kind of mental toughness we need more of, and as things get better their pain level will tend to rise a little." The Gobble-Wobble somehow seems more sensible.

Bennie Ellender of Tulane, like Miami's Curci, had trouble when he stepped up from the college-division level. Coach of a national champion at Arkansas State, he wound up 3-8 with the Green Wave last year. Seven defensive returnees and five from the offense could pick things up a little but the schedule is again a problem. Linebacker Mike (Moon) Mullen, an offensive guard at Oklahoma in 1969, and End Mike Truax are highly regarded. Quarterback Mike Walker will miss the three pass receivers who ran graduation routes, so hardworking Tailback Ricky Herbert could be even busier. Will Paul Dietzel ever get it going at South Carolina? Probably not this year, although the schedule is much more reasonable, with Tennessee and Georgia dropped and Appalachian State and Miami of Ohio added. Experience, especially on offense, is badly needed. Dietzel's bleak report is: "We have to find running backs, become more efficient at quarterback and we need to improve the offensive line." The few phrases are with the defense, where Tackle John LeHeup and Linebacker Rick Brown sparkle. Dietzel keeps adding seats to Carolina Stadium but the Gamecocks rarely seem to improve. Southern Mississippi has a good pair of running backs in Doyle Orange and Wilson Plunkett, an improved defense and the impetus of five straight closing victories in 1971.

Coming East we find Syracuse, which last year sank to its lowest rushing total since 1957. Another problem area

was scoring, since nearly one-third of the season's points (63 of 197) came against lowly Holy Cross. Following spring practice, Coach Ben Schwartzwalder was feeling perkier about his 24th Syracuse team. "We are physical again," he said. "We have started the transition back to hitting and if it continues we'll be a football team again. We haven't been tough for the past four years. This year we should put some points on the board." That settled, look now to the defense, where five of the 12 returnees from a break-even team can be found. The best is Tackle Joe Ehmann, a consensus All-America who was red-shirted last year after a first-game injury. His return would boost any defensive unit.

West Virginia enjoyed a 7-4 season in 1971 and with only five positions vacant the Mountaineers have lofty hopes for the top 20. Most of the holes are in the offensive line. Otherwise, the backfield, guided by Quarterback Bernie Gailfilla, and the defense, paced by Tackle Frank Samsa, appear set. Kerry Marbury is a line runner and Coach Bobby Bowden is claiming "maybe the best group of receivers in the country." Boston College should return to earth after its 9-2 season. Six departures from the high-powered offense, including the entire backfield, and seven more vacancies in the defense make for concern. The schedule is tougher, too. Pittsburgh hopes to improve its 3-8 record by installing the Wishbone, which seems suited to the talents of Quarterback Bob Medwed. A defense that allowed 388 points last year remains a headache and the schedule is again chock full of top 20 contenders.

Pittsburgh might like the Wishbone success enjoyed last year by Colgate, which was ninth in the country in rushing and 11th in total offense. Eight of those offensive regulars are back, including top rusher Mark van Eeghen, who set a sophomore record with 846 yards. The trouble with the 6-4 team lay with the defense, so a few of the six returning starters could be benchbound. Only Tackle Dave Palmer and Guard Ray Heilbing can be sure of their positions.

The highlight of Temple's 6-2-1 season was the defeat of college-division champion Delaware. Among the Owls' key performers are Quarterback Doug Shobert, who completed 63% of his passes, and Guard Skip Singletary. Plenty of other veterans could make for another good year. Rutgers also has a lot of returnees—10 on offense and seven on defense—who enter the year with a three-game winning streak. It might reach four following the season opener against Holy Cross. The Crusaders have made real progress, however, since the 0-2 hepatitis year of 1969 and the winless 1970 campaign. They climbed to 4-6 last year, an improvement that won New England Coach of the Year honors for Ed Doherty. His main concern is finding a quarterback to hand the ball to Fullback Joe Wilson. No one has yet determined why the ground-oriented Crusaders line up with two wide receivers.

Inexperienced Villanova has only seven starters back. The offense is sagging with the passing game gone, but there is hope on defense where Frank Polito led the nation in interceptions. Marshall, still rebuilding after the 1970 air tragedy, enjoyed two unexpected wins over Xavier and Bowling Green last season. Defensive standout Charles Henry, the nation's youngest varsity collegian last year, is, like everyone else, a year older.

SOUTHWEST With the exception of Arkansas and Texas, slated to finish one and two, the Southwest will be a conference in transition. Four new coaches out of eight promises uneven performance and unpredictable form charts. Of the four (Emory Bellard at Texas A&M, Billy Tobill at TCU, Al Conover at Rice and Grant Telfat at Baylor), only Bellard is likely to make waves. The Aggies, 5-6 last year, seldom played anywhere near their potential. This year's squad boasts the best seniors in the league, all of whom remember how easy it was to beat Arkansas. The freshmen-eligible rule could make a big difference here, providing speed, which is all Bellard is missing. "It scares me to death to think what Emory might do with all that talent," says Texas Tech Coach Jim Carlen as he ponders his problem at quarterback. He must decide between rugged Joe Barnes and slender Jim Carmichael in time for

run his Dartmouthian system. He returns 19 of those starters, but the Illini's present schedule bears a shocking resemblance to the monster that cost Blackman six opening losses a year ago. He'll counter with 6' 5" Quarterback Mike Wells, violent Defensive End Tab Bennett and keep on recruiting. Michigan State's route is just as hazardous, especially without Eric Allen's 1,500 yards rushing. However, the Spartans have good underclassmen to run with Tight End Billy Joe Dupree and Roving Safety Brad Van Pelt.

Indiana will be competitive, which is an improvement. Quarterback Ted McNulty and sophomore Flanker Mike Flanagan will evoke memories of Harry Gonso to Jade Butcher and the mighty Quinn Buckner will do whatever any self-respecting freshman football-basketball prodigy should do. Minnesota lost most of its offense and won't

THE CONFERENCES



early season matchups with Texas and Texas A&M. Two losses would put the Raiders out of contention. Their main competition for the No. 4 slot is likely to come from SMU, blessed with an easy starting schedule and a strong group of rushers. Tops among them is Alvin Maxson Jr., who led the conference last year with 1,012 yards. TCU, Rice and Baylor will probably fill the bottom berths. TCU finished third last year, largely on the strengths of graduated Quarterback Steve Judy. They badly need replacement. Rice will be depending on a big year from its quarterback, Bruce Gadd. Baylor is perhaps the most improved team in the conference. Unfortunately for the Bears, they needed the most improving.

BIG TEN Sigmund Freud might have diagnosed Purdue's inability to succeed for the past two years as an overacute fear of failure, a neurosis that has made the team no better than average despite an army of talent. The Bookmakers will go to the Washburn this fall in an attempt to conquer their fears and opponents, and operating it will be some of the finest players in the conference. Halfback Otis Armstrong, Tackle Dave Butz and at least half a dozen other good pro prospects have demonstrated their worth during two seasons of 7-13 football. Third-year Coach Bob DeMoss may never have a better opportunity to exhibit his.

Illinois Coach Bob Blackman won five closing games with players he openly said were not intelligent enough to

get to 500, something which has also escaped Wisconsin Coach John Jardine thus far despite lavish publicity. If the Badgers make it this year, it's Halfback Rufus (Roadrunner) Ferguson who will deserve the clippings. Iowa, as usual, is talking about "100% improvement." Northwestern's losses were as severe as Mayor Daley's.

SOUTHEASTERN When Auburn Coach Shug Jordan stated "There is no doubt that this is the toughest schedule an Auburn team has ever faced" he may have heard an amen from Florida's Doug Dickey. Both coaches have the unenviable task of facing seven schools that competed in bowl games last year and are expected to have that same brand of talent around in 1972. Coming off one of the finest seasons in the college's history, Auburn no longer has the passing combination of Heisman Trophy winner Pat Sullivan and All-America Terry Beasley. Junior Ted Smith is the only veteran with any varsity quarterbacking experience. However, Auburn does have eight returning defensive starters just in case the offense takes awhile to get in high gear. Florida has 29 lettermen but lack of depth at virtually every position and an inconsistent passing attack are reasons for anxiety. The Gators will need aid from some unheralded players if they are to improve on last year's 4-7 record. Vanderbilt has what Coach Bill Pace considers "threats at every position in the backfield" and an experienced offensive line to spring them loose. However, a manpower shortage poses threats to Vandy. Figure

the Commodores for seventh or eighth in the conference. Kentucky may unharness a colt or two to race with thoroughbreds Mike Fausz and Doug Kotar. Coach John Ray admits to looking for help in the backfield from incoming freshmen. James (Dinky) McKay, an All-America Junior College quarterback, operating behind a line that averages 6'4", 237 for the interior five, may make things ugly for the opposition. Senior Halfback Frank Dowling, a first-team All-SEC choice, will be on the Mississippi State roster along with not much help. With mainly a sophomore-sprinkled defense and three more sophos vying for the No. 1 quarterback spot, it looks like a repeat of performance No. 10 from the Bulldogs.

BIG EIGHT Since Nebraska, Oklahoma, Colorado and Iowa State have the Big Eight prairie pretty much to themselves, the league could be divided into the Big Four and the Little Four. Favored for the Little Four title is Kansas State, whose Dennis Morrison is the best quarterback in either league. Morrison was the country's ninth most successful passer in 1971, even though K-State was primarily a running team for the first half of the season. "I feel positive about this team simply because of Morrison," says Coach Vince Gibson. The return of Tight End Henry Childs, who caught 25 Morrison passes in the last five games, invites further optimism.

Kansas is installing a prototype offense, which will be interesting since Quarterback David Jaynes says he is so slow he has to be timed by a calendar. Missouri is installing the Wishbone T, which can't hurt. The Tigers gained 251 yards fewer on the ground than Oklahoma's Greg Pruitt last year. Oklahoma State is installing 18,000 new seats, heady optimism for a team that can't fill the old ones. "Overall," says rookie Coach Dave Smith, "I think we're pretty short of skilled people."

PACIFIC EIGHT After a 2-7-1 season that "didn't keep me awake at night," UCLA's Pepper Rodgers is doing a gridiron imitation of Bushy Berkeley, complete with a flashy new routine—the Wishbone—and a bright, young star the whole company seems willing to take a chance on. His previous claim to fame has been that Ruck Nelson is his brother-in-law and Tom Harmon his father, but 1972 might be the year that puts Mark Harmon's name in lights for good. That, of course, is what Rodgers thought when the Pierce Junior College transfer completed 10 of 13 passes for 250 yards during the Bruins' spring intra-squad scrimmage. Another headliner is highly touted Running Back James McAlister, who is starting a year late because of his NCAA suspension. Punter Bruce Barnes, a two-time Pacific Eight champ, and Placekicker Efen Herrera, who led Bruin scoring last season with 46 points, return. The defense welcomes two-year letter winners Alan Lemmerman and Allan Ellis, and a host of redshirts. The bad news is that UCLA opens against Nebraska and shortly thereafter meets Michigan.

Cal's new head man, Mike White, brings not only his offensive coaching experience from Stanford but half his staff, too. The Bears are hoping Craig Morton's opinion of sophomore Quarterback Steve Bartkowski ("He can be better than I ever was") is correct. Already Bartkowski has broken all of Morton's freshman passing records and

with help from all-conference Wide Receiver Steve Sweeney, Cal might see a new day. More likely the Bears will go 6-5-0 again as they take on Colorado, Ohio State and USC early in the season. With an easier schedule and a fine, experienced signal-caller in Dan Fouts, who has amassed 3,891 yards total offense in two years, Oregon stands a good chance to at least break even. Minus conference rushing leader Bobby Moore, however, Fouts simply has no one to throw to. And six big holes in the defense won't help.

Oregon State, with offensive line problems, will use junior Ray Taroli, who broke the NCAA kickoff return yardage record last year, at quarterback. All-conference Linebacker Steve Brown (22 tackles and three interceptions against Stanford) also returns. Speaking of questionable offensive lines, Washington State has one of them also, and the Cougars' only bright spots are option-T expert Ty Paine at quarterback and a strong but small veteran defense.

MID-AMERICAN The Mid-American Puzzle is almost impossible to assemble, now that Toledo's great string of three conference titles, three Back of the Year awards, three Tangerine Bowl victories and 35-game winning streak will be broken. Without the Rockets on top to serve as a reference point, it is difficult to say how good any other team is.

In a league boasting with fine running backs, Bowling Green has the most accomplished in Paul Miles and rates as a slight conference favorite because of its devastating offense. Miles, a junior tailback, rushed for 1,185 yards last fall and finished 10th in the nation. Wingback Tony Bell should be just as dangerous, having gained an astonishing 651 yards on only 37 carries. The Falcons' weakness is defense and it must be strong enough to bring home at least two victories from consecutive away games at Miami of Ohio, Western Michigan and Toledo, following a road opener at powerful Purdue.

Conversely, Miami opens with three home games, has a solid defense and will be quickly at Bowling Green's throat, assuring Steve Williams proves to be at least a capable quarterback. Tailback Bob Hitchens bulled his way to 13 touchdowns and 1,157 yards as a sophomore and should do even better with Center Mike Poff and Guard Paul Moilman operating in front of him again.

Coach Bill Hess has so much talent at Ohio University that he has switched Quarterback Dave Juenger back to tight end, where he caught 46 passes as a sophomore, and has installed sophomore Rich Bevy in his position. Bevy is a strong runner, and his high school target, Cleveland Moutry, will start at wide receiver. If injured Running Back Bill Gary is as healthy as he was through 1,064 yards as a sophomore and in a 200-yard game against Kentucky last year, the Bobcats will be in the midst of a three-team race.

Toledo will be much better than the average also-ran, but the Rockets are minus 16 starters, and Joe Schwartz, who ran for 1,079 yards last season, has been moved into Chuck Eskey's spot at quarterback. George Keim, who lacked 43 of 46 extra points and six field goals, returns but won't get to try so many conversions.

Western Michigan will be thin but exciting, topped by

continued

Halfback Larry Cates, who scored 13 touchdowns and ground out 819 yards. Kent State, where improvement was needed, has become the land of transfers. Memphis State transfer Gerald Tinker, a member of the U.S. 400-meter relay team in Munich, should be exciting to watch at slotback.

MISSOURI VALLEY Once again, the Missouri Valley Conference boasts a new face—improved teams and the third new headquarters in four years. This time, Louisville ranks as the preseason favorite, counting among its stars All-Conference Quarterback John Madeya and Running Back Howard Stevens. Stevens, one of the very few 5'5" backs ever to be considered a pro prospect, last season ran for 1,429 yards to rank fourth in the nation and become the conference MVP. Memphis State, last year's champion, may have more talent but faces a tough schedule. The Tigers must meet Mississippi, Tennessee and South Carolina before their matchup with Louisville on Nov. 18—or Louisville. On the plus side is a new coaching staff headed by Fred Pincoast, two pass receivers named Stan Davis and James Thompson and a sophomore quarterback, David Fowler, who may be the best the Tigers have ever had. At Tulsa, there is so much talent that Todd Starks, who engineered last season's win over Arkansas, is challenged for a starter's job. New Mexico State Quarterback Joe Pisarcik may give Madeya competition for the best in the conference. Solano Joe (Las Cruces version of Broadway Joe) completed 152 of 333 for 1,983 yards as a sophomore. North Texas State, West Texas State, Wichita State and Drake do not figure in the contest. North Texas State has cut back its football scholarships to a maximum of 80, not enough to remain competitive. West Texas State is making an effort to rebuild, but will not threaten anyone for years. Drake and Wichita State are also rebuilding. Drake returns to major-college football after an absence of 21 years, and Wichita State fields a team whose juniors were freshmen the year of the disastrous air crash.

PCAA San Diego State hopes to prove by this, its last season in the Pacific Coast Athletic Association, that it belongs in the Pacific Eight. Judging by its 1971 record (6-5 overall, 2-3 in the conference), State will be hard-pressed to prove it belongs in the PCAA. "We've got to change our attitude," says a school spokesman. "Every team in the league is pointing for us." The 1971 passing attack, among the best in the nation, is gone. The running attack is uncertain. An offensive line averaging some 280 pounds and featuring a 325-pounder in Tuffy Avn and a good defense are useful, but what happens when SDS gets the ball? The quarterback, returnee Bill Donckers or redshirt Jesse Freitas, who left Stanford, will throw to Isaac Curtis, a running back at Cal before he left after the 1.6 scandal, but he was only so-so in the spring. In fact, all the running

backs are so-so. Conference favorite Long Beach State returns its starting backfield, led by Tailback Terry McEelf, who gained 1,673 yards and scored an NCAA record 29 times last year. Center Steve Hammit (6' 5", 250) and Wide Receiver Ken Matthews, who has caught 54 passes in two seasons, are other strengths, but LBS needs another receiver and good transfers to bolster a defense that gave up 3,855 yards. San Jose State lost its offensive (Dave Ellis) and defensive (Dave Charney) quarterbacks. Defensive Back Dwayne Crump, who engineered Fresno State's upset of San Diego State, will have to try harder against a stiff schedule. Pacific could be a factor if it is not overwhelmed by Sonny Siskiller and two other top quarterbacks in its three preconference games. Everyone will overwhelm Los Angeles State.

WESTERN People at the WAC talk of it as "The Kush of Death," those dreadful games against Frank Kush and his Arizona State Sun Devils who have won the title three straight years. And this season will be an instant replay of the others. For the also-rans there will be, as

UTEP's Bobby Dobbs puts it, "a scrambling to see who finishes second." Arizona stands the best chance, what with all but two conference games at home and 34 returning veterans, including 15 starters. Among them is QB Bill Demory, who passed for 1,384 yards and 10 touchdowns last year, and a defensive backfield of all-conference Bob White and Jackie Wallace, who snared 18 interceptions between them.

The Cougars of Bingham Young have a den full of veterans (28 in all), but they have

an untested coach in LaVell Edwards. Golden (Boy) Richards was expected to work more miracles in the Cougar backfield but couldn't in the classroom. Orrin Olson, the youngest of the Brothers Olson (Merlin and Phil), will start at linebacker.

Up the road at Utah, the Redskins, who had a disastrous 3-8 record last season, hope to recover. If Coach Bill Meek, serving his fifth season, can find a quarterback who can find Ends Lance Robbins and Leo Gibby open, Utah could do some damage.

New Mexico, the second-place finisher last year, is still to be reckoned with. The Lobos lost four all-conference stars including Quarterback Rocky Long, but 244-pound Tackle John Urban and Halfback Fred Henry (who rushed for 1,129 yards last year) should keep them close.

UTEP is somewhat of a mystery, except for Quarterback Gary Keithley and Linebacker Tony Perca. There are more than 30 junior-college transfers enrolling, among whom is JC All-America Wide Receiver Lonnie Crittenden from Hutchinson Junior College. If he can click with Keithley the Miners might make a show of it. Wyoming is rebuilding but could spoil a few dreams, namely those of Utah and BYU. And the posters at Colorado State University tell this tale of woe: "Help Wanted: Quarterbacks,



100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, 86 B Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.



Once in a while,
you find something you want to share with someone.
It doesn't happen often, but it happens.
And that's beautiful.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying "Scotch."

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
For all the right reasons.
Kent.



America's quality cigarette.
King Size or Deluxe 100's.

Kings 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine;
100's 20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. 72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That
Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

running backs, defensive ends. If you are ready to play for a major collegiate team in the Western Athletic Conference please call Colorado State Head Coach Jerry Wampfler for an appointment today."

IVY LEAGUE To borrow from Bob Dylan: you don't need a Weatherman to know which way the wind blows. It will be a typical cold front that swoops down from Hanover, N.H. and chills the league. In short, Dartmouth may not have as much trouble as it did last year when Ed Mariano and Cornell gained a share of the Ivy title.

The Indian offense will bank on junior Halfback Rick Klupchik, who averaged six yards a carry and totaled 638, the most for any sophomore in Dartmouth history, including Coach Jake Crouthamel. Quarterback Steve Steenon had a .583 completion rate in the league and if he slips below .500 he might lose his position to Tom Snockenberger, a 6' 5" sophomore. Again the Dartmouth defense is loaded with seniors, headed by Fred Radke, an end.

The most likely challengers are Columbia, if Quarterback Don Jackson remains healthy, and Harvard, with a backfield of Eric Crone (having a quarterback who has twice beaten Yale is never having to say you're sorry) and Halfbacks Ted DeMars and Rich Gatto. Jackson, who has had operations on both knees in the last two seasons, has all-ivy Receiver Jesse Parks as a target and Linebacker Paul Kallades to harass the opposition. Kallades attended high school in New Jersey with Rich Glover, the middle guard who matriculated at Nebraska. Both know how to depress a ballcarrier.

Either Penn or Yale could develop in direct relation to the maturity of their sophomores. Adolph Billezeare was the top rusher and scorer on a 4-1 Penn freshman squad and he could relieve Don Clune, one of the nation's better receivers, of some of the offensive burden. The Yale frosh were unbeaten in six games and could help Coach Carmen Cozza rebuild the offensive line for Halfback Dick Juron.

Princeton may have defensive troubles and Cornell must revamp its offense now that Mannaro is gone, although Quarterback Mark Allen returns as does its best linebacker, Bob Lully. Brown, which never has much, has even less since Gary Bonner, who needed only 261 yards more to become the leading rusher in the school's history, left school. That's the way the wind blows.

SOUTHERN As it turned out, it was an unusually fine spring in Richmond. The dogwoods bloomed as planned and, unexpectedly, so did freshman Billy Mock, who intercepted three passes and returned one 75 yards for a touchdown. That performance cemented the opinion that the Spiders would repeat as Southern Conference champs. Actually, the return of all-conference Fullback Barry Smith, Linebacker Pat Kelly and Defensive End John Nugent was enough to ensure success.

The title probably will not be decided until Nov. 18, however, when in the last game of the season William & Mary travels to Richmond. Last year the Indians were known for their collapsible defense—observable in too many fourth quarters. This year Coach Jim Root thinks he has the best team to come out of Luke Matoaka in many a year, assuming he can settle on a quarterback. John Gargano,

Rip Scherer and Bill Deery are the candidates. Also back are Dave Knight, last year's 15th-ranked receiver, plus seven of 11 defensive starters.

The Citadel poses a threat with Quarterback Harry Lynch, the conference leader in total offense last year (2,092 yards), and Jon Hall, ranked 16th in the nation in rushing yardage. But Brian Bama (second in the nation in receptions) is gone and it is doubtful that there is anyone who can follow in his deceptive footsteps.

With 14 starters among 24 returning veterans, Appalachian State should be highly regarded. But it plays only four regular conference games and chose to have the results of the South Carolina game counted in the standings—so bye-bye title dreams. East Carolina has a good backfield in Carl Summerell, Les Strayhorn and Carlester Crumpler. Add Flanker Tim Dameron, but that's all. Furman is mourning the loss of Quarterback John DeLeo and Running Back Steve Crisp and will do more of it before it's all over. Davidson's Scotty Shupp, who passed for 1,135 yards last year, is back, but so are 20 other veterans who led the Wildcats to a 1-9 season. And "Mean" Gene Williams will have to be plenty if VMI is to avoid the cellar.

ATLANTIC COAST The Atlantic Coast Conference is caught up in the nostalgia boom, everyone recalling the talents of graduated players. No exception is the defending champion North Carolina Tar Heels, who are missing eight of 11 defensive starters and Quarterback Paul Miller. Nor is the rest of the offensive backfield set. This may sound like a little too much nostalgia for a repeat as champions, but Coach Bill Dooley is unconcerned. His freshmen rolled over everyone last year with such scores as 61-0, 45-5 and 41-16 and the varsity starters who are back can play. Three All-ACC offensive linemen—Ron Russak, Jerry Sam and Bob Thornton—return. The brightest spot is Tailback Ike Oglesby, handicapped by a leg injury last year.

Clemson, like almost everyone else, is looking for a quarterback. Offensive Tackle Force Chamberlain and Eddie Segler, who holds most of the Tiger field goal records, will help, but Clemson's big losses are at tight end and linebacker, vacated by two all-conference players.

Maryland has an exciting entry in Quarterback Al Neville, who led the conference in passing a year ago, and Split End Dan Bungert, the ACC record-holder for touchdown catches. Add to them a nearly veteran offensive line and the main obstacle en route to a Terrapin sweep is a young, shaky defense.

Duke has all-conference Defensive Back Bill Haneberg and ground-gaining Tailback Steve Jones, but it also has Alabama, Washington and Stanford for its first three games. Virginia could be a surprise with speedy Tailback Kent Merritt, a veteran interior offensive line and two free defensive ends in Billy Williams and Stan Land. But the Cavaliers need improvement at quarterback and must rely on a small, inexperienced defense.

Wake Forest has the nation's third leading punter, Chuck Ramsey, who may get more practice than he wants. The Deacons are minus most of their defensive backfield, their quarterback and the ACC's leading rusher, Larry Hopkins. At North Carolina State two talented running backs, Willie Burden and Charley Young, probably won't get a chance to show their true stuff.

Cynics believe that national championships, even the small-college variety, can be won only by football factories. They should take a close look at the University of Delaware. Last year the Blue Hens were 10-1, and for the fourth consecutive year they plucked the twin bouquets of college-division football in the East—the Lambert Cup and the Boardwalk Bowl. Since 1968 the team has won 36 and lost only eight. This has been accomplished in defiance of the fact that, as Athletic Director Dave Nelson puts it, "the throttle has not been pushed forward all the way." If Nelson and Coach Tubby Raymond have anything to say about it—and they do—it never will be.

Nelson and Raymond, both refugees from the Big Ten, believe in education first, football second. At Delaware there are no grants-in-aid or fund-raising campaigns among alumni or students. Football players draw financial support only if they qualify for a share of the mere dozen available need scholarships. Despite this, the football program accumulates annually a dazzling six-figure surplus and has made Delaware, in its particular pond, as big a fish as Nebraska or Ohio State.

For instance, last year following a 40-7 loss to the Blue Hens, former New Hampshire Coach Jim Root informed his athletic director that either Delaware be left off the schedule or he would leave the school. "They are absolutely overwhelming," said Root. "I wouldn't subject my team to that again. They should play against teams like Ohio State, Notre Dame and Alabama."

That is going too far, but with every player suited up and every ankle taped, the team is probably equal to anything the Ivy League or Southern Conference can offer.

Occasionally, a diehard supporter like Alumni Director Elbert Chance will push to even higher ground. "Last year," he advises, "we would have cleaned Maryland's clock."

Delaware was indeed overpowering in 1971. The offense led the country in rushing and total offense and was second in scoring. The defense allowed fewer than 10 points a game, fewer than 60 yards rushing, intercepted 25 passes and dumped opposing quarterbacks for losses 60 times. In the Boardwalk Bowl, played in the very auditorium where Miss Americas are crowned, Delaware crowned C.W. Post 72-22.

The Blue Hens' all-embracing defense lost only two starters to graduation, although two other defensive players will move to end positions on an offense that suffered seven departures. Nevertheless, the feeling is that the offensive newcomers, when meshed with returnees like Halfback Glenn Cavin, who rushed for more than 900 yards, will maintain Delaware's place among the nation's top ground-gaining teams.

The reason lies with the Wing T system. Tubby Raymond learned the offense as an assistant under the man who invented it, Athletic Director Nelson. To that basic form Raymond added finesse and deception while still maintaining its simplicity. "We knew the plays," wailed one rival coach, "we just couldn't stop them."

Everyone knows the plays—the belly series, the tackle trap counter and the end sweep. And a defense may show any formation it likes but the Delaware quarterback will run precisely what he ordered in the huddle. Every play has built-in blocking contingencies that work.

"Running the Wing T is a science here," says Scotty Rehm, who becomes the team quarterback this year. "It's all in the technique." The story is told of the halfback who was out of position until an assistant coach stopped practice to move him forward half an inch.

Those are the demands made of football players at Delaware. "All we want to do," says Raymond, "is have a program where the kids can get the thrills and excitement I know college football offers. It's ridiculous to make a kid run wind sprints if he drops a pass. And if you get tired in practice, stop and rest. This isn't to say we don't care about winning. We just want to succeed within a certain framework."

The matter of winning stirs Raymond no less than any other coach. "It's possible that I should sleep better because I know I won't lose my house if I don't win," says Tubby, "but the fact is I don't sleep better."

Insomnia has not dulled Raymond's creative spirit. Before every game he paints a caricature of a deserving senior and adds an inspirational "Go Team Win" homily. The players consider this recognition high honor. When a national championship seemed possible toward the end of last season, the gimmickry reached a pulsating crescendo. In the locker room before the Bucknell game Raymond displayed the 1963 national championship trophy won by Dave Nelson, and the Blue Hens romped 46-9. To arouse the troops for the Boardwalk Bowl he taped the picture of C.W. Post Quarterback Gary Wickard on every locker. Delaware's fourth straight victory in the Atlantic City Convention Hall sealed the national title and presumably earned the Blue Hens permanent possession of Bert Parks.

Delaware's program began to acquire its current low-key look under Nelson, a scholarly type who harbors a "fear of what big-time athletics can do to a university." Early in his successful 15-year tenure as a coach, Nelson moved the football players out of Mechanical Hall and into the mainstream of campus life, and the football games from a minor league baseball park to the school's very own stadium. Today that stadium seats 22,000 on a campus with half as many students and is 85% filled on autumn Saturdays.

SMALL COLLEGES



Still, the visibility of fan support does not go much beyond game attendance. There is no athletic fee attached to student tuitions, and last year the extent of alumni contribution to the best college-division team in the country was \$400.

"That's just the way it should be," says Nelson. "As long as we are successful and have money in the bank, how can we rightly ask for more? Besides, contributors often feel they should have a say in running the program. I don't want that. And if we solicit the alumni we divert money from other university programs. Let them give to the philosophy department. To accept money from an alumnus and call him a Chief Chicken or something is simply demeaning."

While Delaware does not have any Chief Chickens, it does have Philadelphia Phillies' Owner Bob Carpenter. It is Carpenter's Friends Foundation that annually provides 12 full scholarships to be parceled out among financially deserving students. The aid is actually less than the NCAA allows, since it excludes the cost of books and laundry. As it is, nine of the 22 starters last year had no financial aid at all.

With such enticements minimized, players must have more personal reasons for coming to Newark. "Staying in Delaware should help my business opportunities when I get out of school," says Rehm. "I wasn't looking for a big-time school because I didn't want to be lost in the shuffle," says Defensive End Joe Carbone. "I didn't think I could play at a major college," says Center Jim Bennett. "My personality isn't the right kind. You have to want to make a name for yourself, to be an adventurer." And there is Dan Morgan, a 6'3", 245-pound tackle who says weekly, "I'd be scared to death of a place like Penn State."

Delaware players believe that major football programs can be dehumanizing. "I don't really know," says Rehm, "but it seems as though football at a big-time school is a big-time job. Here there isn't as much pressure. Our success is not so much the result of the coaches pushing us as the players wanting to do it themselves."

It is a point of pride to many at Delaware that for all their successful college players—in each of the last four years, Delaware's fullback has gained over 1,000 yards—none has ever played in the National Football League. This year's team may have a legitimate pro prospect, however, in 6'5", 270-pound Defensive Tackle Dennis Johnson. He is something of a rarity in that he had several other offers but chose Delaware anyway. This in spite of the fact that Raymond didn't exactly outrecruit anyone. As Johnson tells it, "The people at Delaware put less pressure on me than anyone. They weren't calling all the time or making promises about what they'd give me. I guess that's why I decided to come. Football is like a course here. You just don't get credit for it."

With just enough quality players like Johnson to build upon, Raymond is able to make do within the context he favors. "You don't have to play Notre Dame to be big time," he points out. Nevertheless, along with its formidable won-lost record there are other earmarks of a burgeoning program—a computer that does pregame analyses of opponents, an assistant coach who informs the admissions office of "desirable" enrollees.

Delaware's concept of low-key football cannot remain unchanged, however, because it has outgrown its opposition. In the middle of this decade the school will take a halting step into the major college ranks.

"It will be interesting to see if we can do it without changing our principles," says Raymond. "We'd prefer not to give athletic scholarships, and I want to see if we can win without spending a lot of money. Even if we do we won't put in what it would take to reach Nebraska's level."

A few years ago University President Edward Trabant asked Nelson what it would take to win the Lambert Trophy, which goes to the best major college team in the East, instead of the Lambert Cup. Nelson told him "about \$300,000." That's one investment no one at Delaware is willing to make.

Unlike Delaware, Akron (8-2 last year) is one school with no reservations about stepping up in class. The Zips are eyeing the Mid-American Conference but for now they remain a formidable college-division threat. The attack will open up this year since Eric Schoch is taking over complete quarterbacking responsibilities. Most of the team's eight player losses were on defense, where End Bruce Walker shines. Boise State's Camellia Bowl champions (10-2) have a big vacancy at quarterback, but Eric Guthrie's successor will find a good receiver in Don Hunt and a dependable fullback in Fullback Ken Johnson.

Pioneer Bowl winner Louisiana Tech (9-2) faces a similar problem. Denny Duron, formerly a reserve flanker, succeeds a long line of All-America quarterbacks. Charles (Quek Six) McDaniel was a sensation as a freshman halfback and Roger Carr and Eric Johnson are fine pass targets. The defense is headed by Tackle Ted Dean, the school's best ever. Newcomer McNeese State (9-1-1) presents a strong challenge to Louisiana Tech in the Southland Conference. The Cowboys have not one but two starting quarterbacks, pass-minded Greg Davis and run-oriented Allan Dennis. The offensive line needs experience. Another conference with a two-way battle should be the North Central where North Dakota State (7-2) was unseated after seven straight titles by North Dakota (6-3-1). Both teams are loaded with veterans and the defenses are particularly strong. The Oct. 21 game at North Dakota should decide.

Tennessee State (9-1), Grambling Rice Bowl winner over McNeese State, lost outstanding Quarterback Joe Gilliam. Running Backs Alfred Reese and Fred Lane will open up the ground game behind the blocking of Tackle Robert Woods. Without Gilliam, but bolstered by an improved defense, the Tigers probably won't play many games like the wild 41-35 defeat of Grambling. In fact, Tennessee State might not even win the rematch. The Black Knights (9-2) are veteran-rich and may be Coach Eddie Robinson's best team in years. Defending Ohio Valley Conference champion Western Kentucky (8-2) could be supplanted by Tennessee Tech (8-2). The offensive backfield is solid with Quarterback Leo Peckenpough and some fine runners, but the offensive and defensive lines are green. Tennessee Tech needs a quarterback to balance a ground game led by Fullback Jeff Axel. The defense has All-America Linebacker Jeff Youngblood.

—LARRY KEITH

A sleeper to Boston is a sound catch

When it is summer and there is a game to be played the next day, the only person Carlton Fisk wants to see late at night is the sandman, and even he had better keep it down. Boston's All-Star catcher contends that to do his best—and what player should seek less? he asks—he must get plenty of rest. So it was no surprise that sleepy-eyed Carlton recently bade an unaffectionate farewell to a roommate whose nocturnal prowling and .167 average were more

befitting a cat burglar than a ballplayer.

Fisk's request for a new roommate was quickly answered, probably because he is leading the Red Sox in triples (8), home runs (19) and batting (.301), and the Boston management would like to see him continue. In the process Fisk, the most successful Sox catcher in 36 summers, will likely become the first Rookie of the Year to share accommodations with the bat boy.

Boston fans wouldn't mind if he bunked in with a Teddy bear. "I know how much Fisk means to me," says Manager Eddie Kasko, "because I thought I would have to platoon the position. But what must those poor fans think? They probably can't remember the last good catcher Boston had."

Oh, but the bad ones are not that easily forgotten. Red Sox catchers have been known to head for the dugout with only two outs in an inning, which is a minor indiscretion compared to the faux pas of the one who overthrew second when a runner was taking a free base, allowing the opponent to trot over to third. Worst of all was the man who bearded his own pitcher while attempting to throw out a base stealer. Now in a glorious reversal of tradition the Red Sox have Pudge Fisk, an equilateral phenomenon since he is a good catcher who was developed by the Boston organization and bred in New England.

Fisk has naturally become the Red Sox most sought after by fans from Brattleboro to Biddeford to make public appearances, but it is the one distinction he cares least for. "The demands have become too great; it's getting to be too much of a bother," he says of the sudden acclaim. "I just don't feel the same regional kinship that most of these people do. I can't allow myself to be distracted by such things, to prevent me from improving. I've seen players with all kinds of talent burn themselves out, but I've paid the price and I want to stay here."

Such intensity of feeling from a generally affable 24-year-old can be attributed to sheer competitiveness. Fisk excelled in sports not so much because he sought a professional career but because he felt a compulsion to do well. His high school coach remembers, "He never did like a guy who didn't put out 100%," and that philosophy drew wide attention this July. Fisk did not intend to brew a controversy when he suggest-

ed Carl Yastrzemski and Reggie Smith could be doing more; in fact, the Boston press overplayed the incident. But he does believe, as he stated recently, "If I go out and bust my hump for nine innings there is no reason why anybody else can't. I'm not trying to be a martyr. It's just that I'm going to be there doing the best I can all the time, and I think others should, too."

Two years ago the best Fisk could do was hit .229 for Pawtucket of the AA Eastern League, and he thought seriously of quitting baseball because of it. "I knew I was a better player than I looked, so in the end I decided to hang on," he says. Fisk reported to the Sox Triple-A farm team at Louisville the next year, and immediately it was the opposing pitchers who wanted to retire. Under the guidance of Manager Darrell Johnson he started well, made the International League All-Star team and ended the year in Boston, hitting .313 in 14 games. Suddenly Fisk's future was assured.

"My original intention this year was to use him primarily against running teams," says Kasko. "We have always felt he was sound defensively, but he hadn't proven he could hit for average over an entire season. But Duane Josephson got hurt the first week, and I decided to give him his chance. Nobody's beat him out yet. He's our most consistent hitter."

Fisk did not hit full stride until the second week of June, when he boosted his average 41 points to .279. He batted .309 for the month (after a .246 May), and that was only a prelude to his performance in July, when he hit .354, wall-floped nine homers and drove in 19 runs. By the middle of the month he was leading the majors in slugging percentage and was well on his way to breaking the single-season home-run record by a Red Sox catcher of 17.

All that heavy hitting earned Fisk a spot on the American League All-Star team. He played well in the game, rapping a base hit and handling Wilbur Wood's unfamiliar knuckleball without mishap. His only error occurred at the end of the eighth inning when Fisk, in true Red Sox fashion, congratulated Wood on his win. "It's not over yet," reminded Wilbur.

But though he has found success at the plate, Fisk's defense has deteriorated. He is eighth in fielding among the league's catchers, and in one dismal



PERSISTENT PUDGE PURSUES A BUNT



**Allstate
life insurance
says if you die,
he still gets
a helping hand.**

Allstate Life Insurance Company

Allstate. The young man's life insurance.

A big insurance package for the money. And there's no red tape—not even an appointment is necessary. Here's how low our 10-year term insurance is:

If you're 25 and
you pay about this much
each month:

\$7.00
\$9.00
\$11.00

Here's how much you get.
(Even more if you're
younger.)

\$10,000
\$15,000
\$20,000

Allstate
You're in good hands.

stretch allowed 10 consecutive steals of second base. Kasko remains unworried. "A rookie catcher has a lot to think about, and if he's hitting well that can be a distraction of sorts, too. As he matures, he'll settle down."

That's exactly the kind of encouragement Fisk thrives on. A similar boost has come from Yastrzemski, who has twice said that the young Red Sox catcher might be another Johnny Bench. "I'm nowhere near him," Fisk said after a three-hit night against Kansas City. "I want to be best in my league first. But who knows what people might be saying in a few years?"

THE WEEK

by **RON FIMRITE**

AL EAST

A new kind of excitement has hit those calm old Birds, the Baltimore Orioles. "The next month is going to be fun," said the calmest and oldest, Brooks Robinson. "For once, we're in a pennant race, and I'm really looking forward to it. I honestly think we'll win it." Even more confident is cocky, young Bird Rich Coggins, a rookie just called up from the minors. After hitting doubles in his first two major league at bats and helping the Orioles to two of their three wins, he proudly proclaimed, "I can hit anyone."

The Tigers were not so proud. They lost four straight and foundered into a second-place tie with the Yankees. Back-to-back shutouts by Fritz Peterson and Mel Stottlemyre brought New York ahead of Detroit. It was Stottlemyre's first win since Aug. 13 and his first complete game since July 21. "We have to have him if we're going to do it," said Manager Ralph Houk of the right-hander's comeback. "You know what I'm afraid of?" Picher Peterson added. "We're going to get hot, and so is everybody else."

Boston's Luis Tiant is already hot enough. Tiant, who has scored only 17 wins in the past three seasons, had won five straight by midweek, the last three shutouts. Said Manager Eddie Kasko, whose Sox compiled a 4-1 record, "He has been out of this world." Much more in this world is Cleveland Manager Ken Aspromonte, who announced after his team suffered its fifth straight defeat. "Realistically, our best hope is for third or fourth place." Milwaukee's George Scott, an involved man, was patted with a realistic \$500 fine after he gestured imaginatively at a fan in the Sox seats as the Brewers suf-

fered through a 0-5 week. "From now on," said Scott, missing the point, "I'm just going to keep my mouth shut."

BALT 66-57 DET 57-56 NY 57-59
BOS 65-56 CLE 56-57 MIL 55-75

AL WEST

The A's, rolling up five straight wins, recaptured the league lead from the White Sox and acquired ex-Cardinals Matty Alou and Dal Maxwell for the pennant drive. But no one in Oakland seemed to care. Only 5,200 fans turned out to watch former Bay Area favorite Gaylord Perry pitch against them early in the week and only 7,200 attended a Friday night game with pennant-contending Detroit.

The White Sox have no attendance problems at home, but they had an empty week on the road, losing three in a row and four of five. The team batting average for the trip was .149, well below the Sox' already meager road average of .207. For the Sox at least, there is no place like home.

Minnesota Manager Frank Quilici believes in a different maxim; practice makes perfect. After eight straight Twin losses, he called for a morning workout. The team defeated Baltimore 7-1 that night. The next day—normally a day off—he called for another practice session and the Twins promptly won their next two games.

Another disciple of hard work is the Royals' Bruce Dal Canton, who started the first game of a doubleheader and then offered to pitch in relief in the nightcap. The extra effort drew special praise from Manager Bob Lemon, whose kind words for Dal Canton were taken as an implied slight by another Kansas City starter, Dick Drago. He said peevishly, "I'm not the kind to say I wouldn't pitch if they needed me."

The Angels' Nolan Ryan, who pitched one game with only two days' rest, works almost as hard as he throws. After Ryan shut out the Tigers with his fastball, Detroit's Duke Sims said, "It sounded like a fastball, but I sure didn't see what he threw me." Texas Ranger fans do not have much to see now that Frank Howard is gone. Rumors have it that Manager Ted Williams will be the next to go.

OAK 74-51 CHI 73-52 MINN 62-60
KC 60-64 CAL 57-57 TEX 48-77

NL EAST

Willie Stargell hit homers three days in succession, helping the Pirates put together a four-game win streak. The string kept Pittsburgh a comfortable 11 games ahead of the Cubs, who themselves had won 10 of their last 14. Chasing the Pirates is frustrating and futile; before their recent streak, the Cubs were, well, 11 games behind.

It is hard to recognize the Cardinals these days. The moves that sent Alou and Maxwell to the A's brought to five the deals

with Oakland this season. Seventeen players from the spring training roster of 41 have been dealt away.

The Mets, who have had about that many in the hospital at one time or another, were getting healthier, if not better. While New York was losing three of five, Rusty Staub was placed on the active list again. He can hit, but he still cannot throw.

Possibly Montreal's Ron Woods missed his calling. Television is obviously his medium. In a televised game last week, he hit a homer. The previous time the Expos were on camera, he batted in six runs. "Woods is a TV bum," said Manager Gene Mauch.

The Phillies' Ken Reynolds finally won a game after 12 defeats. He stopped the Braves 11-1 in the first game of a doubleheader, thereby failing to break the team record for consecutive losses.

PIT 78-48 CHI 66-56 NY 63-60
ST L 61-64 MONT 57-66 PHIL 45-69

NL WEST

Pete Rose broke the Cincinnati team record for career base hits (1,881) with an eight-for-16 spurt. By season's end Rose should have at least 1,920 hits, a figure exceeded only by Paul Waner, Stan Musial and Al Simmons for players in their first 10 major league seasons. Rose's goal is 3,000.

Houston's Larry Dierker, a pitcher with a history of arm trouble, has his own theory about work. After winning his 14th, as Dierker's Astros took five of five to close within seven games of the Reds, he said, "We have a month to go, and I figure, 'What the hell, if I hurt my arm now, I'll have the whole winter to get over it.'"

Dodger Manager Walter Alton will also need a winter to get over the way his team is playing. After Willie Davis popped up swinging at a three-and-nothing pitch, Alton called a clubhouse meeting. "I'll accept losses," he fumed, "but when an individual puts his average ahead of the team, something has to be said."

Atlanta's Denny McLean has a lot to say, and much of it will be in his forthcoming book "If some guy is pro or con in my life," said Denny, "he's in there." Added Teammate Mike McQueen after examining the manuscript, "This book will make Jim Bouton's book like a bust." The working title is, appropriately enough, *Nobody's Perfect*.

Juan Marichal certainly is not, particularly after this season, which has been the sorriest in his otherwise distinguished career. In his last start, he gave up six hits and four runs in 2½ innings for his 15th loss. San Diego Catcher Pat Corrales knows one way to avoid pain. In a five-inning brawl with the Cubs, he had the presence of mind to keep his mask on. More painful was the three-day suspension he drew for his part in the fight.

CIN 70-48 HOU 57-54 LA 57-58
ATL 58-70 SF 56-70 SD 46-76

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BOB D'AMICO/PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM FINE © 1986 DEWAR'S, N.Y.C.

BILL DRAKE

HOME: Bel Air, California

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Designs the format for pop music programs on radio stations around the country.

HOBBIES: Pool. Monitoring his radio stations.

LAST BOOK READ: "The Godfather."

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Solid Gold Rock and Roll" and "Hit Parade 71," two of the most successful musical formats on radio today.

QUOTE: "You can't dismiss the rock groups as 'far out'. The fact that their music succeeds, suggests that their ideas are widely circulated and probably accepted by a lot of people. I think more attention should be paid to them. Listening might give everybody a better idea about what's on young people's minds."

PROFILE: Intuitive. Shrewd. Disarmingly casual. His sometimes abrasive manner has helped make him the most powerful force in broadcast rock.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop goes only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

WEAR THE SHIRTS NFL PLAYERS AND COACHES WEAR

These are the same shirts NFL teams buy for their players and coaches. Shirts are monogrammed with an exact replica of the helmet of the team of your choice, like the Green Bay Packer shirt worn by Bart Starr. The shirts are 50% dacron and 50% cotton. They are wash and wear, will not shrink, and hold their shape and color perfectly. Colors are limited to each team's home uniform color and to travel uniform white. Because only official team colors are used, you know the shirt you get is exactly like the ones being worn by the players and coaches of your favorite team. These shirts are perfect for golf, tennis, and casual wear.

Order yours today.



Style A:

Collar model, four button placket: available Small, Medium, Large, X-Large, XX-Large . . . \$10.00

Style B:

Mock Turtle Neck: Children's size 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and Men's Small, Medium, Large, X-Large, XX-Large . . . \$7.00

A

B



The following teams and all children's sizes are available in white only: Miami, Oakland, Philadelphia, and New York Jets.

Your Name _____

City _____

Send orders to:

Logo 7

P. O. Box 19425 Indianapolis, Indiana 46219

Please add 50¢ per item for postage

Address _____

State _____ Zip _____

QUANTITY	STYLE	SIZE	TEAM	HOME COLOR	TRAVEL WHITE	AMOUNT

Include cash, check, or money order for the full amount, allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Offer good in United States only.

While Emerson Fittipaldi was cruising his stovepipe-black Lotus Grand Prix car over the humpbacks and through the hollows of Brands Hatch toward an effortless victory in the Rothmans 50,000, the race's sponsors were clustered in their grandstand suite, puffing away like a gang of expectant fathers. Being members of the Rothmans firm—Great Britain's third largest cigarette manufacturer—they are expected to smoke with manic regularity as a matter of course, but this particular session was prompted by an authentic crisis, a regular nicotine fit, for heaven's sake!

Their race, which was unfolding across the lush Kent countryside, had been a major undertaking: involved was a budget of £100,000 sterling, of which £50,000 was outright prize money. This made it the richest race in European competition history, far surpassing any Grand Prix purse, or the rich and roccoco 24 Hours of Le Mans. What's more, Rothmans had planned that its event would be a monumental confrontation, a shoot-out between the world's best cars and drivers—Grand Prix vs. Indy vs. Can-Am vs. Grand National stock cars vs. "run what you brung," as they say in the South, or Foyt vs. Stewart vs. Donohue vs. Leck vs. Petty. At last, the answer to that nagging question: Who or what is the fastest, the best of the best?

But now, with Fittipaldi unwinding a steady string of laps, far in the lead, the Rothmans lads' dreams of a milestone race was floating away as steadily as their cigarette smoke. Fittipaldi had turned out to be the only superstar on the track, and he was, for all intents and purposes, racing alone, assured of victory in—oh God, this is the bad part—a racing car decked from pointed prow to spoiler in the funeral plumage of John Player, Britain's leading tobacco company and Rothmans' arch rival! Smoke 'em if you've got 'em. Fittipaldi had set the fastest qualifying time, started on the pole, had squirted into the lead the moment the flag dropped and, 312.7 miles later, ambled home a relaxed and unchallenged winner. He had briefly faced but three venous rivals. Jean-Pierre Beltoise and Howden Ganley had broken their BRMs early and had posed no threat (a small blessing for the harned Rothmans contingent since those cars were sponsored by Marlboro—and we all know what they sell) while Brian Redman straggled

The best of the Hatch

Emerson Fittipaldi proved himself the fastest there was at Brands Hatch, which would mean a lot more if he had not also been all there was

in second with his McLaren Formula 1 machine nearly a full lap behind. Henri Pescarolo finished third in his thoroughly outclassed March GP car.

The remainder of the 30-car starting field was a lackluster collection of lightweight Formula 1 cars, heavy and comparatively ungainly Formula 5,000 machines, and a single sports racer. They were manned for the most part by a game but relatively unknown squad of drivers who had shown up to nibble at the crumbs of the vast Rothmans purse. Some capable men were on the track; probable all-stars of tomorrow such as Scotsman Gerry Birrell, the Australian Tim Schenken, New Zealander Graham McRae, Argentinian Carlos Reutemann, etc., but they hardly fit into the early Rothmans vision.

What went wrong? Where was every-

body? Surely somebody must have been around who could have contested Fittipaldi for the victory. Surely 50,000 quid should have provided sufficient incentive for someone other than a scattering of Grand Prix teams to appear at Brands Hatch. That was not the case, however, and in the explanations lie the reasons why the kind of race the Rothmans 50,000 was supposed to be will probably remain in the realm of fantasy.

When Rothmans announced plans for the event some 18 months ago, the tightly organized Grand Prix car constructors stated that they would participate. Only Ferrari rejected the idea outright. Thus buoyed by the knowledge that most of the great Formula 1 stars—Jackie Stewart, Graham Hill, John Surtees, etc., all hero-office winners at Brands Hatch—were on their way, Rothmans went in

naïve and



FORGET THE CARS, LOOK AT THE BILLBOARDS—THEY COST ROTHMANS A BUNDLE

search of added novelties. Team McLaren, the owner of the all-winning Can-Am sports cars driven by Denis Hulme and Peter Revson, was invited. Americans Roger Penske and Andy Granatelli were asked to bring anything they pleased from their vast and spectacular array of racing machines. Some illusions were harbored that Penske might arrive with one of his turbocharged Indianapolis cars, while Granatelli, the consummate promoter, came to England and did little to discourage the notion that he might dust off his legendary turbine-powered Indy cars. Meanwhile, dreams continued to blossom that several of the Southern stock-car teams might be attracted to the race by the vast sums of prize money.

Then reality intervened. As race time approached, it became obvious that practically nobody was going to show up. Why? Well, mainly because there really wasn't all that much money, at least not enough to interrupt long-established schedules. In today's climate of big-time motor racing, prize money, per se, has very little to do with the economics of running a successful operation. Sponsorship provided by major tire and petroleum companies, accessory manufacturers (and cigarette companies) is anted out in six-figure sums to the various major teams prior to the beginning of each season. Contracts are signed that the teams in question will participate in all Indianapolis-type races, Grand Prix events, Can-Am's or whatever, and budgets are created around a firm schedule of races. Prize money won is then added to the pot really as no more than a bonus. Therefore practically everyone invited to the Rothmans 50,000 had full-season commitments that did not include participation in oddball, one-shot affairs.

The monster Can-Am cars—the 800-hp sports machines that had the only serious chance of competing with the Grand Prix racers on Brands Hatch's twisting countours—were out almost from the start. A Can-Am was being run at Elkhart Lake, Wis. the day before, meaning that the series' stars, Hulme, Revson, George Follmer, David Hobbs, etc., would be in America when the Rothmans flag dropped. At the same time the European contingent of Can-Am-type machines would be far away in Finland for a regularly scheduled race. With the mega-dollar Indianapolis car race set for Labor Day at Ontario,

Calif., hopes for any of those automobiles had long since faded. In the end even Andy Granatelli confirmed what should have been clear all along: his wonderful turbines could not be brought out of retirement and made race-ready without extensive development—a costly and difficult process for a single event.

That left the Formula 1 constructors, many of whom are based in England. But they wanted the traditional appearance money that is doled out front before the race begins. This is common practice in Europe, but Rothmans balked, arguing that the \$125,000 pot would amply reward anybody who chose to come. Not enough, said most of the GP teams, who then summarily slammed their garage doors. In the end only two Formula 1 BRMs and a single McLaren appeared to contest Fittipaldi. They came at the behest of their prime sponsors (I Marlboro in the case of BRM, Yardley's men's cosmetics for McLaren), simply because they did business in Great Britain and wanted every opportunity to showcase their machines before the home audience.

Fittipaldi himself almost didn't appear after a mixup with his own sponsors. Players was asked by Lotus if it were interested in competing in the Rothmans race—for extra money, of course. Players declined, as did Texaco, another prime Lotus sponsor. Finally Fittipaldi's extensive Brazilian contacts produced a major coffee retailer that was willing to foot the bill. A one-race sponsorship fee was arranged, and his Lotus was in fact painted in Brazil's yellow and green for the race. Then Players changed its mind, and within hours of the start (reportedly while a charter planeload of Brazilian coffee tycoons was in mid-Atlantic on the way to the race) gently pressured Lotus into daubing the car with a coat of the original black and entering the race under the Players name. "Now all we've come for is to take some of Rothmans' money," said a Lotus crewman rather ruefully.

Faced with an impending disaster, the Rothmans staff puffed bravely onward. "People are saying we don't have the big names," said Special Events Director George Hammon, "but this may be a good thing in the long run. We did not want it to be a Formula 1 event, dominated by the same people who win all the races here. We've backed racing in England for 10 years, and this seemed to be our chance to stage a real spec-

tacular. Even though the Americans haven't come, and many of the Formula 1 teams have failed to appear after agreeing to support the race, we are still encouraged. After all, we do have a nationwide promotion campaign, and there is the television coverage."

The Rothmans publicity mill did its best to inject suspense into the sagging event. Most Grand Prix races are only 200 to 245 miles in length, which posed the question of whether Fittipaldi, Bertone and the other Grand Prix drivers could go the distance without a stop for extra gas, thereby opening the door for the smaller, higher-mileage Formula II machines to sneak past. The Grand Prix contingent was not about to make a gas stop under any circumstances. It had just beat back an FIA proposal to make pit stops mandatory next season in all Grand Prix races and planned to avoid even an oblique endorsement of such a tactic at all costs. Instead it added extra fuel tanks for the Rothmans 50,000. (The Lotus, in fact, had so nearly sufficient a capacity that only a tiny 2.5-gallon auxiliary tank had to be attached to permit Fittipaldi to go the distance nonstop.)

So there was Emerson Fittipaldi, the slight, easy-smiling Brazilian who is practically assured of the 1972 World Driver's Championship, loafing to victory. It is perfectly possible that he would have won anyway, even with every Can-Am, Indy, turbine supercar in the world in the race. Thoroughbred Formula 1 cars like his Lotus 72 are unquestionably the fastest road-racing machines, and the fact that he had already won the Formula 1 "Race of Champions" and the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch earlier in the year indicates that he would have been hard to beat under any circumstances.

Was it a disaster for Rothmans? One of their men stood in the press room, watching the dusky shape of Fittipaldi's John Player Special circling the track on the television monitor. "At least we've got two hours' exposure on the BBC," he said pluckily. Then he went off to take part in the post-race ceremonies, including that execratable moment when the winner's wreath would be hung over Fittipaldi's slight shoulders. At the last minute he and his associates ripped away the Rothmans label that had been displayed on the garland.

After all, enough is enough. **END**



Converse Coach in suede and canvas

the basketball
shoe that keeps going...
on and off the court.

It's a quality basketball shoe it's a rugged, handsome all around athletic shoe. In suede, canvas and sharp new team colors, the Converse Coach performs like a pro on the court and keeps going off the court, on any surface hard or soft, for a game of touch, mowing the lawn, jogging, you name it. The new suede Coach is in cool, supple, napped glove leather for beautiful, long-lasting comfort, and it boasts a padded

tongue and ankle collar for snug, foot-hugging fit. Both the suede and canvas models offer full heel and arch cushion and comfortable sponge insole. Plus the special Converse sole design and compound for a sure grip and extra long wear. Suede Coach in natural, blue, gold and black Oxford. Canvas Coach in black, white, red, blue, green and gold Hi-Top and Oxford

Selected by the
U.S. Olympic Committee
for 20 U.S. teams at
the '72 Olympics
in Munich.



★ **converse**





NEW TRICKS FOR AN OLD BEAR

With more bowl teams and national titles than most coaches have years, Alabama's Bryant should be ready to retire. RETIRE? Why, he's just learning what the game is all about

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The lines are deeper now, and proliferating, like those on a fine antique, and yet, remarkably, do not diminish the handsomeness of his face. Rather, they tend to enlarge on its strength, to accent it. Granite and ice and truegnt. Seeing that face for the first time 26 years ago, George Blanda thought (as he wrote later), "This must be what God looks like." When Bear Bryant walked into the room, Blanda said, you wanted to stand up and applaud.

The image endures, the applause lingers on. Bear Bryant, 59 years old Sept. 11, is at the line for his 28th season and he is preminent in the world of college football coaching. No one else—no one—comes close. There was a short time, in the years 1969-70, when it appeared the magic had left him, when his Alabama teams lost almost as many as they won (Bryant is slipping!), but then he turned it around again and was undefeated in the 1971 regular season (Bryant is back!) (Was he ever away?). All was right with the world.

Except there was a difference. The words that proceeded from his mouth seemed, well, more conciliatory; he talked of the need to be "more humble"; he seemed more appreciative of his responsibilities as a patriarch. Indeed, he had been mending fences. A note passed over the wires telling of Alabama and Georgia Tech signing to renew a rivalry that had been broken off, spectacularly, in 1964. The split, laden with acrimony, had come after a series of bitter incidents that included the charge that Bryant taught brutal football. Now Alabama-Tech was back on the schedule for games beginning in 1978, "and that's just fine," said Bryant. Close the wounds, hide the scars.

But had he changed so much, really? And where, in those 27 years, had he been heading, he and his college football? And where had they gotten to? And where on earth are they going now? And what have they done to your game, Paul?

continued

He sat on the patio of a friend's house in the Florida Keys, a haven to which he repairs when his peripatetic life, and the telephone, wear him down. It was July; seasonably, unreasonably hot; windless and washed out, a day drained by the enervating sun. A sign in red and white could be seen among the sandspurs in the vacant lot next to the house: "Bryant Field." Over the lavatory was a super-enlarged postcard showing Bryant walking on water, with the inscription: "I Believe."

Bryant, in a lounge chair, pushed his thick white legs out from his baggy swimming trunks into the sun. Sloan Bashinsky, who owns the house and is a sponsor of Bryant's television show in Birmingham, said it was hopeless. "Old Show Legs," Bashinsky calls him.

"You lost your mind?" Bear Bryant said. The third man in the group had suggested that Bryant, having done everything he had set out to do at least once—three national championships; bowl games of all sizes, shapes and dollar values; Coach of the Year twice; current president of the American Football Coaches Association; more victories (210) than any active coach; books written about him, songs written about him, buildings named after him—that Bryant

might just as well quit and go watch the bullfights in Spain.

"I'd croak in a week," he said. "I'm more fired up now than I was 20 years ago. I've been fortunate, I've had honors. But if I couldn't stay in it I'd go crazy. I don't have as much fun as I used to because I'm not as close to the kids, not coaching as much. But still. Today, tomorrow. When I walk out on that practice field cold chills run up my back. A new day. And it's something I wouldn't swap for anything. I don't know how else to say it."

How do you mean, not as close to the kids?

"I used to be with 'em all the time, on the field and off, 50 or 60 of them anyway. We could communicate. I could get my message over. Lee Roy Jordan was interviewed once and flattered hell out of me. He said, 'If Coach Bryant said wear green shoes, I'd have green shoes.' It's not that way anymore."

What changed?

Bryant sat up, pulling a broad-brimmed straw hat down over his eyes.

"First of all," he said, "with two-platoon football you have too many. In the days players went both ways you could take two assistants and coach nine teams. I actively coached myself. When

Lee Roy was playing I'd be out there sweating and grunting and butting with 'em, and they believed what we were doing would win. I don't do that anymore and I miss it and consequently I don't do as good a job. I'm up on that tower most of the time. If things go bad I come down and make something happen, but you can't throw a fit once a month, go down and shake somebody, and impress 'em very much. They think, who the hell is this? You're like a shower coming down. Just wait and it goes away. If you're in the trenches with 'em every day, they'll do anything you want. Ten, 15 years ago, nobody had any doubts. Now if I say, 'Do this and we will win,' I'm not sure they believe it. Communication. You got to have it to win, and when you lose, too, so you can hold 'em in your hand."

Your players don't talk to you anymore?

"They only come see me now when they've got a real big problem. It used to be they'd come with any kind of problem, big or small. John David Crow, Lee Roy Jordan, Charlie Krueger—they'd come by just to visit. A couple years ago we had a group of freshmen that hadn't done a thing, just wallowed around. I went around to lay the law

At Alabama, Bryant's stable of stars has included Joe Namath, whom he once had to suspend, and Johnny Mazza, whose modish hairstyle reflects the mellowing of his coach.



down and I gave 'em an ultimatum: "You got 10 minutes, either get right or be gone." They decided to stay, I said all right, if you have any more problems come see me. And this one freshman said, "Coach, the only reason I came to Alabama was you, and this is only the second time I've ever seen you." Well, don't you know how low that made me feel? He's still around, and he sees more of me now, too, and I know who he is, you can bet on that. I'm not going to be so far removed.

"I'll tell you another story. Last year we played Florida, one of the greatest games any team ever played. We won 38-0. When we got out to the airport afterward, the doggone plane wasn't there. Our kids could have been home and out enjoying themselves, but there we were standing around in that heat, and I was so mad. Well, I don't know why—it was Mary Harmon's idea, really—but I went around and said, "When we get back, if you don't have anything better to do, bring your wives or your dates and come over to our house. We got a new pool with AstroTurf all around, and Mary Harmon will cook up something." I expected a handful but a bunch of 'em came. I was inside having a drink and listening to a game and they were

around the pool, and one by one they started coming in until they were all in there, laying around like little pugs, listening to the game with me. I think it was one of the best times I ever had."

So college players really haven't changed so much after all?

"They've changed, and I've changed. Never doubt that. For example, I let them wear their hair long. Used to be, I'd have personally jerked it out by the roots if a kid wore long hair. But I'd seen ex-President Johnson with long hair, and Darrell Royal, and when I had that meeting with the freshmen a couple years ago I told 'em, "Go 'head, let your hair grow, just keep it neat." And the very next day this one big old boy came to visit, like I'd asked 'em to, and he said, "Coach, that thing you did yesterday about the hair was the greatest thing that's ever happened." I said, "What?" I couldn't believe it. It never dawned on me that a kid's hair could be that important. If I'd known. It made an impression on him, but it made a bigger impression on me. If hair means that much to these kids, I wasn't going to raise too much hell about hair.

"I don't think I ever lost my guts during that period but I gave in a lot, and I'm glad I did because anything that im-

portant to the kids is important. We were 6-4, 6-5, and then last year 11-0, and if I had to have a problem now I'd probably say, "Go on home, we can win without you." If you're 11-0 they believe you a little more. But it was good for me to learn how important things were to them, things I thought were small.

"The hair's gotten to be a joke now. They kid me about it over at the dorm. "Coach, your hair's getting awfully long."

So you never really felt you had to sacrifice authority?

"Hell, no. My kids—listen. Maybe they don't pay as close attention, but if I had to start forfeiting authority they'd lose respect for me in a minute. That will never happen. Kids haven't changed that much. I'll tell you another thing that happened to us that was good. After the USC game two years ago, when they beat us so unmercifully, one of our players—and I'll never tell anybody who it was—came to me and said some of the seniors had lost confidence in me. He said it matter-of-factly, they'd had a meeting at the dorm and talked about it. Remember, this was the opening game of a new year and, as it turned out, a terrible year for us.

"I didn't fly off the han-

continued

At Kentucky there was George Blonda, who thought that Bryant was "what God looks like," and Baby Parlin (10) with Bear and teammates after the '52 Cotton Bowl.



die. I just called them together to talk. I told them I'd heard about their meeting, and that I was disappointed because they hadn't come to me. If they had, maybe we could have accomplished something. There were about 12 seniors there, and I pointed to each one. 'Now,' I said, 'I'm going to tell you something. You're not dry behind the ears yet, and we've had teams here that won national championships and bowl games and everything else, and I want to make this plan. I'm going to give you one week. You can't do that with me, but I can with you. I'm going to give you one week, and if you aren't laying it on the line by then I'm going to fire you. Maybe I am old-fashioned. Maybe I'm past the ropes. But you better come talk to me first about it next time.'

"I got their attention that day. I'll tell you, I was so mad I was trembling. I don't remember who we played the next week, but we played a whole lot better, and it was a good thing. I'd have fired every one of them."

Are athletes just generally more rebellious and less responsive? Or what?

"Well, I may be wrong, but I think the American young person is getting over this rebellion thing. I think it's lost its glamour. I never had what you would call a 'rebellion.' We had those two bad years, when they wouldn't have bet their lives that what the old man was saying was right, but the only issue I had was that hair thing, and I didn't even know it. The big difference today is that kids are a lot more knowledgeable, and that's no revelation."

More knowledgeable about what?

"Everything—politics, money, life. Just knowledgeable. And the other thing is, and I don't mean this to be critical, but football doesn't mean as much to 'em. All I had was football, and I hung on because I didn't want to go back to Moro Bottom, Ark. picking cotton. That's the way it was for me, and up until seven, eight years ago that's the way it was for most of our players. But now: Their mamas and papas can make more on relief than we could working. All of them come from something, or 90% of them."

"The ones who will consistently suck their guts up and stick by you now are the blacks, because they don't have anything to go back to. And I'm just realizing that because I've only had them a couple years. Bo Schembechler [of

Michigan] and I were talking about it. He said, 'A black won't ever quit you,' and I got to thinking the way it had been for me, and he's right, because I didn't have anywhere to go, and they don't now."

Do you have to have black players to win today?

"You have to have football players to win. They come in all colors."

What if your black players came to you and wanted a black coach, and a black studies program, a black this and that?

"I'd listen to 'em. I don't say what I'd do but I'd listen. Right now I'm looking for a good coach of any description, but I hope I find a good black one. I'm going to have eight or 10 black players. I would like to have a black coach who could blend into our system."

Black coaches for black players?

"No, I don't mean that. I think I can coach a kid as good as anybody, black, white or green. But I want the best coaches we can find, and if he happens to be black, I want him. Not just in football, in all areas. Ticket takers, secretaries. We can't be stupid about this thing. If they're good, we'd like to have 'em, and it will make everybody happy."

We're living in a sophisticated time, as you say; more worldly-wise and knowledgeable all around. In that context, is football itself as important as it used to be?

"More important than ever. What else have we got to be to? Where else can you walk out there even, same everything, even, and compete? I think it's 10 times more important. Let me ask you this. Have you taught your children to work? To sacrifice? Have you taught 'em self-discipline? Hell, no. They don't get it in the home, they don't get it in the schoolhouse, they don't get it in the church. Not anymore. I guarantee you this. You send your boy to Fran Curci at Mazza—I use him as an example because he's right up the road here—and he'll teach him those things. Check up. Look around. Maybe the football field's the only place left."

We're losing it everywhere else?

"We're already lost it."

Why football, particularly? Why a sport in which only a relative few can participate, and then not for long? Why should football carry so great a burden?

"That's not a fair question because

football is my life. No in-between, no compromise. It's my life. Football is different things to different people. For everybody I know it's something to be to. Everybody can't tie to an English class. Everybody can tie to a football team. The results are right there to see, and a lifetime of work comes down to that. Every football game you see represents a whole lot of preparation, all the way back to the parents, when a player's a boy, and on into high school and beyond, and a lot of people have something to do with it. The equipment man, the man who mows the grass, the fans, everybody. It touches so many people. I don't know why—whether it's because it's a contact sport or what—but it gets hold of people. In this state you better be for it or you might as well leave."

"The beautiful thing about it, for me, is this. Three years ago I was ready to leave, to accept that offer with the Miami Dolphins. Think heavens I didn't, but I was ready. I tried to resign. Dr. Mathews [Alabama's president] wouldn't have any part of it. He said, 'Paul, I'm a young guy'—he's only about 36—and I've got all these young administrators. You're the last guy I got to hang my hat on.' You know, the old man. The significance of it didn't hit me then, but when it did I realized a few things. If the Good Lord gives me these next couple years of free breath, I'm going to have an interest in anything that happens at the University of Alabama, in any area, and you can put that in your book."

But there are many exceptions to administrations like your own. There are those who are, to say the least, unenthusiastic about football and its exalted position on the college scene, and others who have even done away with the program, or reduced it to insignificance.

"I don't know those kinds. You're talking about administrators I don't run into. But you can put this in the book, too: At Alabama they are never going to mark football down, whether I'm there or not. They're sure as hell not as long as I'm living or have something to do with it. The only president who's ever been fired at Alabama was against football. Any new president cuts his teeth on it, and he better be for it because if he's not they won't win, and if they don't win he'll get fired."

"I don't know how other administrators feel. I do know what a sorry po-

sition some of them would be in without a football program. At Alabama we've made a ton. This year alone we've sold over \$2 million worth of tickets. The program is self-sustaining. We don't get any of the taxpayers' money. Football supports all the other sports. The Coliseum cost about \$4.8 million and that is being paid for entirely by athletic funds. We gave the university \$500,000 to raise faculty salaries. We gave 'em another \$200,000 for something else. I forget what, and a pledge of \$100,000 a year, just gave 'em that. Oh, and we advanced the money [about \$700,000] for two airplanes that all the departments use. Outside of that, I can't think of a thing football has done for Alabama."

How close did you come to taking the Miami Dolphin job?

"I'd already taken it, with the provision that I could get out of my Alabama contract. I had my lawyer rewrite the Dolphin contract, and we put everything in there I could think of [total value: about \$1.7 million]. Most important thing was \$10,000 for Mary Harmon to go back and forth home during the season. I don't know how many times I talked with [Dolphin Owner] Joe Robbie. Twenty maybe. I went down and looked at the Jockey Club where I'd be living, and I had Natmath go over the personnel with me, man for man. We were talking casually and I said, 'Joe, who's the best young quarterback in the league?' 'Griese.' 'Who's the best running back?' 'Csonka.' I said, 'C'mon, boy, I want to talk to you.' We went to my apartment, closed the door, and I took Joe into my confidence. He said, 'Shoot, Coach, you could win there left-handed.' I called Howard Schnellenberger—he was with the Rams then, but he's with the Dolphins now and he played for me at Kentucky and coached for me at Alabama—and he gave me the same answers. I thought, 'Boy, if I can't win with this I oughta be in jail.'"

"But then it came down to the final decision, and I couldn't do it. I went before President Mathews and the Alabama board of trustees—I went to school with all of them except one—and we talked. Someone, I believe Red Blount, said, 'Well, if that's what you want to do, go on, if you can get us a good 'un.' I said, 'What are you talking about, good 'un?' He said, 'Well, he has to be under 46...' and he started naming off the qualifications, and I could only think

of four. One was Darrell Royal and another was John McKay. I knew Darrell wasn't going to leave Texas, so I called McKay at USC; he was coming to be with us the next day in Mobile, anyway. I thought he was interested. He said we could talk about it then, and I said, 'This can't wait, John, this has to be settled in the next hour.' And, of course, it was.

"The next morning about six, I called President Mathews. I said, 'Is it too early for you to have a cup of coffee?' He was laughing. He said, 'I been up an hour myself.' I went to his office and I said, 'You know, you're the smartest young fellow I ever saw. Darned if you're not right,' and I started laughing. 'I can't get anybody good as me.'"

"That night Mary Harmon and John and Corky McKay and I met in Mobile for the Senior Bowl game, and we went out to the airport to meet someone, and who gets off the plane but Joe Robbie. He's slipping around, looking like a gangster, and he says, 'You want to listen to a new deal?' I said, 'Aw, c'mon, Joe, I'm sorry and I apologize, but I'm not interested in more money. I just can't do it. So just c'mon and be one of us and have a good time.' And he joined us and stayed there a day with those Alabama people, having a time.

"When it was all over, though, I really felt guilty for this one reason: I had tried to convince myself that it was the challenge that interested me—nobody had ever done it both ways, won in college and the pros, and I knew I could do it—but I think now it was just the money, because I kept thinking about 'four bedrooms, seven baths, Jockey Club,' and Cadillacs and Lincolns, so many things, things I didn't need or already had. It was ridiculous. Well, never again. And don't you know they've said their prayers a million times about getting Don Shula instead of me? They couldn't have done any better. Maybe I would have won, but he won."

Didn't Sonny Werblin try to get you to coach the Jets one time?

"No. What happened was this, and Sonny probably thought I was bag-dogging it, but Jimmy Hinton [Bryant's business partner] and I thought about buying a pro football team. I was in New York and went to the game with Sonny, and you know how fond of him I am, and I put it to him. 'What do you think of \$10 million for the Jets?' I'm

continued

The Keeper



Parker Jotter

Some ball pens are made to be thrown away. Not the famous Parker Jotter Ball Pen! It's made for keeps because it writes better months longer—three times longer than the ordinary ballpoint. Your choice of five point sizes, plus a rainbow of barrel colors and ink colors. To make sure no one else keeps your Jotter, your monogram can be added in seconds while you watch. Yours for the keeping price for only \$1.96.



PARKER

World's most wanted pen

**"Our martini secret?
Onion stuffed olives.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."**



**Seagram's Extra Dry.
The Perfect Martini Gin.**

..... continued **NEW TRICKS**

sure he must have thought no football coach could come up with 10 million, but we could have. It was that simple. Well, Sonny told me then, 'If you and your friends can get that kind of money, buy the Miami franchise.' He said we could probably get it for maybe half as much. But we didn't do anything, and he was so smart, and so right. The Dolphins were drawing less than 30,000 then, and now they're drawing 70,000. What do you suppose that franchise is worth now?"

Up from Portal 17 to the second floor of the five-year-old University of Alabama Memorial Coliseum are the offices of Athletic Director Paul (Bear) Bryant and his cast of thousands (actually 34, counting secretaries). The offices are handsomely furnished, tastefully decorated and inspirationally equipped. Reeking with class, their only concession to commercialism is the super-enlarged ceiling-to-floor lobby photographs of the bowl Alabama teams play in regularly—Orange, Sugar, etc. When Bear Bryant walks the gleaming corridors, conversation abates, and visitors sneak looks from the corners of their eyes. Bryant's office is a high-ceilinged, thickly carpeted, richly paneled sanctuary that is spacious but decorated only by three pictures on its walls: the satin-finished photographs of the 1961, 1964 and 1965 national championship Alabama teams. The best team he ever had—the 1956 team that went undefeated—is not up there. He says the '66 team had everything: quickness, balance, passing, power running, option running, receiving, good defense. It got better as it went along, and demolished Nebraska 34-7 in the 1967 Sugar Bowl. It was finally done in by the ballot box, locked out of the national championship that year by Notre Dame and Michigan State, who got more attention by playing to a 10-10 tie. Bryant believes his team could have beaten either of those two.

Bryant had finished going through his mail and was leaning back in his leather chair. His visitor had resumed the interrogation that had started in Florida.

You used to say football was a coach's game. Is that still true?

"Not as much. There's more a premium now on getting the top athlete. When we played both ways, we could take a guy like Jimmy Sharpe, 194 pounds, hone

continued

**Every day
a new success
in adidas**

Great victories,
sensational times,
athletic triumphs –
adidas is always there.

For every sport,
for every foot the right shoe –
this is the goal Adi Dassler
has been striving towards
for many years,
thus making adidas the most
successful shoe of all times.




adidas®

him down, have him so quick, and he'd go out and beat a guy who weighed 240. Anyway, now you've got to have ability. A guy 6'5" to rush the passer and a guy 6'4" to block him. You can't win with the good little guy anymore. No chance. The premium's on ability."

Are athletes that much better?

"Got to be. Their mamas and papas are bigger, they're born into the world bigger, they eat better and grow bigger. They're faster, stronger, better equipped. There's no comparison."

Is that what caught up with you in the Orange Bowl this year? Bigger, better athletes?

"Bud Wilkinson told me what to expect before we played Nebraska, and I mean this as a compliment to Bob Devaney. We were talking about who we wanted to play, about this team and that one, and Bud said, 'I'm going to tell you, Nebraska has more great athletes than have ever been on one team.' And after what happened to us I agree with him."

So football is less a coach's game?

"It's still a coach's game. You start at the top. If you don't have a good one at the top, you don't have a Chinaman's chance. If you do, the rest falls into place. Don't make me sound stupid, but that's right. You gotta have good assistants, you gotta have a lot of things, but first you got to have the chairman of the board. Never forget it."

"All else being equal, the same things still win. You just got a different set of excuses nowadays. You're still going to win with preparation and dedication and plain old desire. If you're properly prepared, the physical part is taken care of. If you don't have a genuine desire, you won't be dedicated enough to prepare properly. It's a coach's job to get those things across."

"It doesn't take genius for that. The best coaches, most coaches I've known, weren't Phi Beta Kappa in the classroom. I better watch what I say, though. We were having our meetings in Dallas one time, and playing golf, and I said,

'Show me a coach who shoots good golf and I'll show you a lousy coach.' About that time somebody came running in bawling, 'Hey, Bud Wilkinson just shot a 71 and Paul Dietzel a 72.' Unh-unh. Well, for me it's still true. I was out at Lubbock for the All-Star game this year and playing golf with Chuck Fairbanks [of Oklahoma] and every day he was shooting par and just loving it. I had to think, if I was his age, I'd be out recruiting and figuring out some way to beat somebody. I couldn't do it any other way. But at my age, what difference did it make, playing golf?"

What does your way require in terms of time expended? "Back at Kentucky and at Texas A&M, and those first few years at Alabama, I would say every hour other than about three a day."

What about once you're on the field, the game itself? How do you characterize your approach?

"Vanilla."

Vanilla?

"The sure way. That means, first of

Put some more flavor in your life

Smoke from the finest tobaccos filtered through a bed of real charcoal to enrich the flavor and soften the taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King 11 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; Lark Long 11 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Apr. 72)

all, to win physically. You put two guys in this room and lock the door and if one beats the other physically, he'll win. If you got 11 on a field, and they beat the other 11 physically, they'll win. They'll start forcing mistakes. They'll win in the fourth quarter. I don't think any coach has a monopoly on how to win; there are coaches who do just the opposite of what we do and win games, but that's our approach."

You don't consider yourself an innovator, an iconoclast.

"I ain't nothing but a winner. I'm a student of the game, sure. I think anybody is if he's making a living out of it—or had better be. But I don't claim fame for any fancy stuff. About all we ever did that was original was maybe put in some drills, like the circle drill, or what they call the bull in the ring, or some of the quickness drills. Quickness is so important because no matter how good you are if you can't get into position to do what has to be done it won't happen. But I don't claim anything else. I'd be dishonest if I did. All I did was join in."

Down through the years?

"When I first started, everybody was using the single wing. Matty Bell and Dutch Meyer and Rusty Russell started spread formations out in Texas, throwing the ball on every down, and that changed some thinking. Don Faurot and Bud and Jim Tatum came out with the split T, which changed football, and changed me. That's what the Wishbone is today, a glamorized split T. After that there was nothing significant until the so-called pro offense, dropback passing and reading defenses, and now the Wishbone, and I've gone along with all of 'em."

"But we've had the players who could make 'em go—I've had more great quarterbacks than all the other coaches put together, and half of that was pure luck. Babe Parilli at Kentucky was luck. Joe Namath was luck. I inherited two or three, like Blanda. And one of the greatest was no nobody heard much of, Roddy Osborne at Texas A&M. I inherited him. Of course, he was a fullback when I got him."

What about the Wishbone? How did you get involved with it, and what makes it so devastating?

"Darrell Royal called me four years ago. Darrell's a great telephone guy; I probably talk \$1,000 a year with him."

He called and told me about it and how he was going to use it. And after that he added to it and added to it, and then last spring when I knew we couldn't win with what we had, doing what we were doing, I told our coaches, 'What we could win with is the old split T. We may be dull as hell, but we'd win.' You go one step further and you got the Wishbone. I went to see Darrell. And we put it in, and won every game."

"There's still a lot we don't know about the Wishbone, but it's the best I've ever seen. In the old split T, when the quarterback moved out to option on the defensive end, he had to pitch the ball blind, or blind behind him, to the trailing halfback. With the Wishbone it measures out that the halfback winds up about four yards wider and the quarterback can see him. That makes it so much easier. And the big plus is that the whole thing is that much ahead of the pursuit."

"For four or five years we used the drop-back pass. We did everything the pros did—we read, we did everything. Scott Hunter did a heck of a job for a college quarterback, and Steve Sloan was probably the best we ever had for picking something up before the ball was snapped. But it would take us until Thursday to have our game plan. That meant every coach on the staff studying moves till all hours, trying to spot whether this guy lined up with his feet one way or the other, or if they did this or that, trying to get something before the ball was snapped. But now, with the Wishbone, I know our game plan, and I know it for every game, basically. I don't give a darn what they do, I know what we're going to do."

"One major difference in the Wishbone is that you ought to have your best athlete at quarterback. He's got to run, he's got to pass. We had Johnny Morris ready to play quarterback about 10 times last season. I knew sooner or later they were going to start making our quarterback keep the ball. But we kept going, and they didn't do it, and we kept winning, and finally LSU did it on national television. We had Johnny ready to play quarterback that night, but he got hurt. And he never did. In the future our best athlete will be our quarterback."

How important are "formations," really. Could you win, say, with the

continued



"Let me count the ways..."

Why has *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations* thrived for more than a century while other reference works have come and gone?

Why does Arthur Schlesinger call it, "next to the dictionary, the most indispensable reference work?"

Above all for its usefulness. It's a safe bet that any quotation familiar to the intelligent reader will be included among its 30,000 entries. Moreover, *Bartlett's* is fun to browse. The 14th Edition has Mao and Martin Luther King, Picasso, Yevtushenko, Leo Durocher and Garbo. All the classics are here, of course: 53 pages of the Bible, 85 of Shakespeare. But you'll also find Tolkien introducing the Hobbit...Edna St. Vincent Millay burning her candle at both ends...And Harold Ross gently slamming "the old lady from Dubuque" (who only later became "the little old lady from Dubuque").

Looking for an apt quotation to introduce a talk on Africa? You'll find 14 specific references in the index. Looking for wit and wisdom on patriotism? music? love? Again the computerized index (600 pages long and 117,000 entries rich) helps find it fast.

Something else you get from *Bartlett's*—quickly and easily—as the whole quotation, not just a misleading snatch or snippet. *Bartlett's* gives you scrupulous accuracy of translation from world literature, too.

Ask your bookseller—then "ask *Bartlett's*." Little, Brown and Company 34 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108

straight T, or some of the others that have phased out over the years?"

"You could win with anything if you had the best players. Single wing, double wing, anything. And if you have the defense to start with, because you've got to keep from losing before you can win. A sound defense. It all starts with the kicking game. The first thing in the book. That hasn't changed very much. Coach Wade. Coach Thomas [at Alabama]. Bob Neyland [Tennessee]. They all won on their kicking game."

You mean the entire kicking game—kicks, kick coverage, returns, field position.

"Sure. Take Coach Wade. He doesn't know I know this, but Alabama was playing Tennessee, and I forget the exact figures but they had a kicker who had averaged, say, 45 yards a punt. Coach Wade decided to put a rush on him every time to cut the average down. We almost blocked the first one, and for 14 punts cut his average by five yards. That meant 70 extra yards for us, and we won."

"I'd like to know how many games Johnny Rodgers broke open for Nebraska returning kicks last year, either for touchdowns or to put 'em in good field position. And some of the things you never see in the statistics are so important. Like fielding a punt. Do you realize how many games are lost not just because a guy doesn't run the ball back but because he doesn't field the punt? How many times have you seen a guy run up to catch a punt, then back off and have it bounce 30 yards past him? If he catches it every time, he's going to save a lot of yards."

"Field goals have changed the game, too. Everybody's got a field-goal kicker now. You have to play a little different defense out of respect, depending on the other kicker's range. I remember one game we played Auburn, and they had Ed Dyan, and we went into a goal-line defense at midfield. Beat 'em too, 3-0."

"On offense, you've got to get away from your goal line to keep from giving up the ball in field-goal range, and that means taking chances you wouldn't take before, when you'd run a couple and punt. But passers are better, too, and they've got more room to throw in that area, so it's probably the easiest place to complete a pass and not as risky as it looks."

Passers are better?

"Every conference now has two or three great passers and some great receivers. I remember Bud Wilkinson saying years ago that in his entire career at Oklahoma Bobby Layne and Babe Parilli were the only two great passers they played against. This was before he saw Namath in the 1963 Orange Bowl. Nowadays there's talent in every area, and it gets better every year because people like Namath get all that publicity, and it's fun without being hard work—playing pitch and catch. A kid can start early."

You always talk about this or that player being a "winner." That you look for "winners." How can you tell when you've found one, especially if he's only 18 years old?

"You can't, not always. It'd be nice if you could see what's in here, see how much it means to a kid, but nobody can do that. Almost anybody, though, can recognize great talent. The one that makes you proudest is the one who isn't good enough to play, but it means so much to him, he puts so much into it, that he does anyway. We've had a lot of those. The ones who have ability and don't use it are the ones who eat your guts out."

"There are four types of players. Players who have ability and know it, who have it and don't know it, who don't have it and know it, and those who don't have it but don't know it. I've had all kinds. Great players like Bob Gann and Steve Melinger at Kentucky, and Crow and Pardee and Krueger at A&M. Anybody could coach them. One coach can do about as well as another with a Namath or a Stabler. But I don't think one coach will do as well as another with an average guy because you have to reach him. The guys you love are ones like Jimmy Sharpe, who had no ability but sure thought he did, he was a winner, and Jerry Duncan, who loved to practice so much he'd cry if the trainer tried to stop him. Ray Perkins was a winner. His freshman year he had a serious head injury. They put a plate in it. Not many would have come back after that. When they operated it was more a question of whether he would live. Ray stayed out a year, and then came back as a receiver. He'd been a tailback and a defensive safety, and he had had terrible hands. But just on pride and determination he became a receiver. He's playing for the Baltimore Colts right now."

"There are a lot of guys like Perkins who have made it worthwhile for me. I'm people. I guess if you had to pick one you'd pick Lee Roy Jordan. It's a wonder I didn't foul him up, because I traded him at two, three different positions as a sophomore, including offensive tackle, before he became a linebacker. He only weighed 190 pounds, but if he'd done well at offensive tackle I might have left him there and messed up his whole career. I can remember nothing bad about him: first on the field, full speed every play, no way to get him to take it easy."

"I always said if I needed Jordan or Crow or Krueger or somebody, they'd start walking, but some wouldn't. I've made a lot of mistakes with a lot of players, and some still hate my guts. I'm sure, and I can understand that, too. A football player has to make a lot of sacrifices, and if he's been put through the mill and didn't do much and doesn't have much to look back on that's pleasing I'm not sure he has any reason to think kindly of me. I've made a million mistakes with kids. But at the time it was the only sure way for me, and if I was starting again, and betting my life on it, which you're doing when you're a young fellow, I'd have to go the same sure way."

"There were games I know I've hurt 'em, games where we won in spite of 'em, or lost because of me and, win or lose, if you don't recognize the mistakes—mistakes in preparation, mistakes during a game—you're hurting yourself. I've been outcoached, too, and I sure don't forget those times."

Do they live as long as the big victories?

"Longer. Hell yes, longer. Bob Devaney did a better job than I did in the Orange Bowl this year. Our kids didn't play as well as they were capable, and it wasn't because they didn't want to, it was because I fell down someplace on preparation."

"We had a string going, 21 straight, when we lost to Georgia Tech 7-6 in 1962, and Bobby Dodd outcoached me that day. He prepared his team better, ran the game better. I tried to use two quarterbacks at the same time, Jack Hurlbut under the center and Joe Namath behind him to take a direct snap, and we didn't get anything out of it and wasted all that time preparing."

Had you done that before, used two

continued

The Sears Steel-Belted Radial.

Steel belts and radial design are the big reason it won first in class in the tire-shredding East African Safari race.



The 1971 East African Safari. 3,758 miles over all kinds of roads, with ruts, rocks, rivers, and rain forests. From Nairobi through Tanzania, to Mt. Kilimanjaro and back again.

We ran the East African Safari on Sears Steel-Belted Radials.

The same kind Sears sells for cars like yours.

They brought in car No. 3, a Ford Escort, first in its class. (Results certified by Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile.)

The secret? These are the tires that combine proven radial design (A) and two flexible steel belts under the tread (B), for more traction, more impact strength, and more mileage than just about any other tire you ever drove on.

In fact, they're the

same kind of Steel-Belted Radials that we've driven over 70,000 smooth-riding highway miles. Like any tire, the mileage you get depends on how you drive. (For more details and rally facts, write to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Dept. 695, 303 E. Ohio, Chicago, Ill. 60611.)

Sears Steel-Belted Radials cost a little more. But that little goes a long, long way. And you can use Sears Easy Payment Plan.

Sears Steel-Belted Radial—the proven radial. Proven again on the tough roads of the world. Only at Sears.



Tire and Auto Centers
Where you buy tires
with confidence.



Sizes may be limited in some stores.

The door free-er. Surform® tool shaves off, smooths down aluminum, wood, plastics. Try it!



Surform by
STANLEY
helps you do things right

DOCKSIDERS



About \$20

Examine the elk-tanned, cowhide upper. Built to resist salt, perspiration, mildew. Test the non-slip sole which refuses to pick up sand or pebbles. Lay hold the waterproof rawhide lacing. Handsewn by Yankee craftsmen, Sebago Docksiders mean quality.

Docksiders available in New York at B. Altman & Co.; Philadelphia, Strawbridge & Clothier; Los Angeles, J. W. Robinson Co.; Washington, D.C., Woodward & Lothrop; Baltimore, Best Shoes; San Francisco, Joe Mantia; Cincinnati, Skidale's and other fine shops.

SEBAGO

Sebago, Inc., Westbrook, Me. 04092

..... NEW TRICKS

quarterbacks in the same backfield?

"Yes, before, but not since. The worst decision I made that day was when we went for two after our touchdown and I had Hurlbut do it on a keep and he missed by that much. If I'd given it to Namath, they'd have been back that much deeper on the corners and he might have gotten in."

Back deeper out of respect for Joe?

"Sure."

What about Namath? Everybody has heard the stories: how close you two are, how he still calls you "Coach" out of respect, never "Bear" or "Paul." Also that you kicked him off the Alabama team in 1963, then took him back. What about all that?

"To begin with, we lucked into him. Howard Schnellenberger knew his brother, and we lucked into Joe on the last day. And of course when he came here from Beaver Falls, Pa., it was all new to him, our program, the South. His background was a lot different from anything he saw here. It took him awhile to adjust. He was a loner at first. But one thing about him to this day, he's always been a very loyal person. When he got into trouble with us, there were other players involved, but we didn't know it then, and I remember walking across the campus with Joe one night, telling him it wasn't much good having friends who let you take the punishment alone, and he said he couldn't say anything about it because they were his friends."

"I hadn't seen him play until he came to Alabama, but when he went onto the field anybody could tell he had class. The best athlete I've ever seen. He could run, he could play defense. He could play baseball, basketball, anything. He was just blessed. And one thing that helped him here was that he came at a time when we had tremendous leadership, the best I've ever seen—Pat Trammell was our senior quarterback when Joe was a freshman, and that year we won our first national championship. There were great carry-over leaders: Jordan and Sharpe and Bill Battle and Richard Williamson and others. So many. I think that helped Joe."

"In those days I ate lunch every day with my quarterbacks. I got to know 'em. But if I'd done a better job I don't think I'd ever have had to discipline Joe. As it turned out, being dismissed from the team before the last game of

continued



Next Saturday morning will you be chipping paint or golf balls?

It's true. You could be putting the old sticks in the trunk and heading for the golf course, instead of chipping, scraping and repainting the outside of your home. Alcoa Building Products can virtually eliminate those pesky chores, and give you more time to enjoy yourself. You'll cut unpleasant and expensive home maintenance 'way down, and bring new beauty and value to your home, if you have Alcoa® Siding, Gutters and Downspouts, Soffit and Fascia, Shutters and Railings installed. For valuable remodeling ideas and more information on low-maintenance Alcoa aluminum building products, mail the coupon. After all, isn't a putter more fun than a paint brush?

*Registered Trademark of Aluminum Company of America.

FREE handy aluminum "Greenskeeper," just for sending for Alcoa's fact-filled color booklet, *Home Remodeling and Restyling Guide*.

Mail the coupon to:
Alcoa Building Products, Inc.
Grant Building
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219

I would like Alcoa's free booklet and the free "Greenskeeper."

☐ I am a homeowner interested in restyling. My house exterior is ☐ wood ☐ brick ☐ other

Name Phone

Address

City State Zip



**Change for the better with
Alcoa Aluminum**

 **ALCOA**



Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos—specially softened for milder taste.

Cook up something great with a 13-piece nesting Mirro camp set like his. It's one of over 1000 gifts you can get for free B&W Raleigh Coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

For your free Gift Catalog, write Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '72



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

.....continued **NEW TRICKS**

the season probably helped him, because he was a better man after that, and I think that: he doesn't feel I was wrong what I did or we wouldn't be warm friends now. He could have gone to Canada, I told him I'd recommend him. But he stayed and paid the price. I don't know how close he came to doing something else, but after we played in the Sugar Bowl that year he was the first one outside the dressing room when we came out. The next season he was voted co-captain, and got every vote but one, which had to be his own. That must have meant something to him."

Has the Joe Namath that played for you, and the Namath that makes the headlines and gossip columns now, been good for football?

"The Namath I know has. To me he's still the same. When he comes to Alabama, the first person he goes to see is Jim Goostree, the trainer, and then the equipment man, and the other people who meant something to him. He never misses. Mary Harmon is crazy about him. The Namath I know isn't the Namath I read about in the papers these days. And, of course, some knowledgeable people say he saved the American Football League."

From a college coach's viewpoint, was it worth saving? Competition for fan support being as cutthroat as it is?

"There has to be a place for both, because you can't destroy one without destroying the other. Certainly, in some areas where there are just so many entertainment dollars it's a bad situation—like the San Francisco area, where there's so many teams, and the Athletics with a heckuva record and they can't draw flies. Just so many entertainment dollars. But I'll tell you this. Winning is always popular. USC has drawn extremely well in Los Angeles despite the competition because they win."

"The pro game's a great game, but I certainly prefer the college game. There's more diversity to it, more room for error. The big difference now, of course, is that we run the quarterback. A good run is still the most exciting play in football, and you see more good running attacks in college football. [With the Wishbone, Alabama averaged 324 yards rushing a game last fall, the Miami Dolphins, leading rushing team in the NFL, averaged 173.] The big thing the pros have going for them is longevity. We had Johnny Musso for three seasons."

crackhead

"Get a grown-up camera," said Mr. Boog Powell.



"You're crazy," I said. "Do I look like some kind of photography nut?"

"You look like you're too big to fool with those toy cameras," he said.

"But they're easy to use," I said.

"So is this 35mm rangefinder camera," he explained. "It's automatic. And it takes professional-looking pictures like grown-up cameras take. Because it's made by the people who make the famous Miranda Sensocret SLRs. This camera is just as grown-up as they are. Only smaller. So you can take it with you."

"What about color shots?"

"Just aim and shoot."

"I don't know."

"What are you worried about?"

he said. "This Miranda camera has a 3-year guarantee.* It costs less than \$130. With electronic flash unit, less than \$150.*"

"I'm sold. If Mr. Boog Powell can take grown-up pictures, so can Dick Butkus."

**MIRANDA[®]
SENSOCRET[®]**

The small camera for grown-ups

For details, write Dept. 981, AHC PHOTO, INC., CARLE PLACE, N.Y. 11514



IN CANADA: MIRANDA SENSOCRET LTD. *May sound like magic, but "3-year guarantee" means you can return your camera for any reason within 3 years of purchase. No questions asked. No money back. *Electronic flash unit sold separately. \$150.00. Price includes shipping and handling charges. \$10.00. Total \$160.00. *Price includes shipping and handling charges. \$10.00. Total \$170.00.

Destined to become the universally preferred sound reproduction system.

Too often these days superlatives are used to camouflage mediocrity. Let's just say, you'll be excited with the magnitude of the achievement of the three new Pioneer series R speaker systems, once you hear them.

We'd be happy to send you complete specifications on the R series. But first make this test. Compare the R700 (\$229.95), R500 (\$159.95), R300 (\$119.95) with

similarly priced speaker systems at your Pioneer dealer. It's their absolute superiority in sound reproduction that will convince you to buy them.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 179 Commerce Rd., Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072



PIONEER[®]

when you want something better

Series R Speaker Systems



West 13200 S. Sepulveda Los Angeles 90048 • Midwest 1500 Greenleaf Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 • Canada, S. H. Parker Co., Ont.

..... NEW TRICKS

Miami fans could be watching Kuck and Csonka for 10 years."

Do you learn anything from the pros? "I learn from everybody. Pros, colleges, high schools. I been watching those Canadian games on television lately, and I'm beginning to think I like that 12-man offense. I think maybe we ought to consider it. It'd be interesting to see a 12-man offense against an 11-man defense. Except I doubt I could get anybody to coach the defense."

"But to answer your question, You're darn right I learn, and every time I'm around my ex-players—Namath, Perkins, Blanda—I'm quizzing 'em, wanting to know what's going on. I get Namath up on that blackboard every time he comes around to tell me about this defense or that one."

You don't talk like a man contemplating imminent retirement.

"I don't have any intention to retire, none at all. Besides [smiling] I gotta get out of debt first. [Bryant has part ownership in a meat-packing firm that does a \$50 million business a year, a yarn-treating firm that does even better, a Volkswagen distributorship and has always been big in the stock market; his university salary, which he had insisted be kept at dean's level until he found out this year that his retirement benefit would only amount to \$7,200 a year, is \$27,000 annually.] The trouble is I don't have any cash coming in. It's all tied up."

How, ultimately, will it be determined, the climax of the Bryant career? Will they have to ask you to quit like they did Adolph Rupp?

"I'm going to make that decision. No one else. I won't take any abuse from anybody, you can count on that. But as long as I'm getting those chips up my back, as long as I feel I'm contributing, *know*, I'm contributing, I'll be around."

How will you know for sure you're contributing?

"By winning. That's the only thing. There's nothing else."

How, finally, would you want to be remembered, when it's over?

"That I contributed something, that I helped somebody along the way. And that I won the national championship this year." Big grin.

But you've already won three. What could one more matter? You'd just want another after that.

"I'll want one every year." **END**



Paul Sandford, our promotion manager, has to come up with a real nice sale every year. His job is to run new friends for Haverhill's, and never mind the profits statement. We check that with the Haverdrier. Paul has really worked himself this time. This outstanding Dyma/Styler of 200 watt capacity puts out a fabulous amount of hot air. And even if you're blessed with 12 pounds of hair, Haverdrier will get it done in no time. Haverdrier is black with chrome trim and if you like to style while you dry you can snap on the brush or comb that Paul has thoughtfully provided. If you agree that your hair should be washed at least twice a week and then dried and styled (rather than feeding for steel) you can't afford to pass up Paul's offer. If you take him up on it, you'll also receive our Colorful 64-page Catalog and, not being able to leave well enough alone, Paul will also send you a \$2 Gift Certificate that you may use with your next purchase. So, if you need a good hair dryer and love a bargain write your name, address and zip on the margin of this ad (or on a separate piece of paper) and send us your check for \$10.95 (\$9.95 plus \$1 post and insur. California deliveries please add tax) and we'll send Paul a dryer right out to you. Haverdrier is guaranteed one year for manufacturer's defects (we repair or replace free, of course, only change for postage and handling). And you may return Haverdrier within two weeks of receipt for full refund if you're not absolutely goshers about it.

haverhill's 587 Washington
San Francisco
California 94111

299-2



IT'S NOT HOW MUCH YOU HAVE. IT'S HOW WELL YOU USE IT.

MONEY is like that.

MONEY, the new magazine to be published by the publishers of TIME and LIFE will help you use your own money more wisely and more effectively.

Charter rate \$12 a year. To subscribe call 800-621-6200 (in Illinois 800-631-1972) toll free.

MONEY

The Winners.

George Blanda

Ol' George.

He's what football is all about.

Making history with 22 years of quarterbacking. The record no one can touch. Making a game a sheer pleasure to watch. When he's not booting a ball to clinch a last-minute victory, he's usually hitting one off a tee.

Scored 541 points with the Bears, '49-'58.

598 with the Oilers, '60-'66.

Joined Oakland Raiders in '67.

Record 1,647 points in a 22-year pro career.

Chads Carsuals by Carwood

The man who works at winning can let loose in Chads Carsuals by Carwood.

Doubleknit slacks of 100% Celanease Fortrel polyester make looking good easy. Fortrel helps make staying that way effortless.

Flairs, beltless.

Country club plaid.

Deep slash front pockets.

Button-down back pocket.

Variety of colors, patterns.

28-42, about \$18.

CELANESE FORTREL

The fiber bred to be a winner.



Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Over the Wall and up the Mountain

The annals of World War II prison camps are abundant with tales of daring or bizarre escape attempts, but few can match the adventure of Felice Benuzzi, an Italian colonial civil servant, for sheer eccentricity. Interned by the British in 1941 and assigned to POW Camp No. 354 near the village of Nanyuki, Kenya, Benuzzi became obsessed with the notion of escape not to rejoin his comrades but to climb a mountain.

The mountain in question was 17,040-foot Mount Kenya, which Benuzzi and his fellow prisoners could see clearly from the yard of Camp 354. He was an experienced climber, and the peak—the tallest he had ever seen—loomed as a kind of challenge, tantalizingly close and yet so far. Lying between him and Batian, the tallest of Mount Kenya's two summits, was a stretch of equatorial jungle containing—he assumed—wild animals and a native population whose behavior toward Italian-speaking whites was at least suspect. Putting these obstacles out of his mind, Benuzzi began to plot his escape from Camp 354. He also started to outfit himself with mountain-climbing gear.

Without hunting why, Benuzzi wrote to his wife, asking her to send all his warmest clothes. He hoarded chocolate, dried fruit and crackers from his food parcels and quit smoking to barter his weekly cigarette ration for food and supplies. Laboriously, he undid the netting of a bunk bed, then twisted it into a quarter-inch, 35-foot mountaineer's rope. One of the camp tailors turned two of his blankets into a climbing suit.

To get into shape, Benuzzi began a rigorous body-building program. He found an old auto bumper in the camp junk pile and used it to make crampoms. The camp blacksmith turned a pair of hammers stolen from the maintenance workshop into ice axes. Benuzzi got himself into the camp commandant's office one day with a wad of roofing tar and made an impression of the key to the vegetable garden, from which he then filed a crude duplicate.

His information on Mount Kenya was very spotty. He made detailed drawings from long-range observation of the western face, and he culled more information from old magazines. Then, miraculously, someone noticed that the label on a can of South African stew bore a drawing of Mount Kenya viewed from the opposite side. It would be vital later.

As the 32-year-old prisoner built his cache of supplies, burying them outside the camp gate near the prisoners' vegetable patch, he decided to make his break in January 1943. Two other prisoners agreed to go with him, a physician named Giovanni Balletto, who knew something about climbing, and 35-year-old Enzo Barsotti, who didn't.

And so, on Jan. 24, a prisoner disguised in a pair of British khaki bush shorts marched three men in POW fatigues through the camp gate. The "guard" returned to the mess hall and got out of his bogus uniform, while Benuzzi and his two friends hid out in a tool shed till nightfall. During the night Barsotti developed a fever, but he elected to go on. They dug out their knapsacks and started east, keeping to the underbrush and at times walking backward to confuse pursuers. They reached a dense forest and slept, setting out again at dawn.

The climbers bypassed native farms, noting landmarks for the return trip on sheets of toilet paper. Barsotti's fever undulated, but he refused to rest. A lumber camp guarded by a set of watchdogs caused them to lose nearly a day on a long detour. The ground now rose more steeply toward the plateau at the mountain's base. At their camp that night they huddled around the fire, yelling to frighten off the wild animals they heard all around them.

On the third morning Benuzzi and his companions climbed through Mount Kenya's famous bamboo forest and onto the rocky slopes of the mountain. Already behind schedule, they began to ration their food. Barsotti's fever persisted, but he carried on. At the 14,000-foot level, still insisting he felt fine, he suddenly stumbled and fell, unconscious. Dr. Balletto examined him and decided he could go no further. The spot became their base camp.

On the morning of Feb. 2, Benuzzi

and Balletto rounded Batian's south face and saw, just like the picture on the can of stew, a lower peak, Lenana. They hurried on across a glacier and some frozen scree, scouting the trail for their final assault. The two climbers rested the next day, then a few hours after midnight they began their final ascent. By dawn they were at 16,000 feet, but now they began to encounter real difficulties. The sisal rope, grown cold and stiff, would not slide easily through the rings of the pitons. Precious minutes were wasted in backtracking. Finally, a blizzard caught them high on the wall of Batian. Climbing slowed to a crawl, and Benuzzi realized they would not make it that day. They turned back.

It was nearly dark before they found the tent and Barsotti. Two days later they set out again, this time toward the top of Lenana. And then, in an anticlimax, they suddenly found themselves at the top. Benuzzi pulled out a small Italian flag he had been carrying and proudly planted it at the top.

Their ascent had taken nine days, and their supplies were woefully short. But they hoped to reach the prison camp in three days, and they were buoyed by their conquest. They started off at dawn on Feb. 7, and that afternoon, giddy with hunger, they built a fire to boil some rice—then found they had left all their remaining butter and salt at the base camp. Some tea and coffee remained, but no sugar.

During the next two days they plodded through a wealth of wild food—bamboo roots, for example—without taking advantage of it. Finally they met a band of Kikuyu tribesmen who walked along with them for a few miles and then left. Benuzzi and his companions worried, insanely, that the natives would turn them over to the British.

When they finally made it back to Camp 354, the other prisoners cheered them lustily. When they told the camp commandant that they had survived 18 days on 10 days' rations and had planted their flag on Mount Kenya, he reprimanded them smilingly. Not until the feat became public knowledge days later, when a party of British climbers found the small Italian flag on Lenana, was the commandant's hand forced. Reluctantly, he sent the trio to close confinement. By that time they didn't care. All they wanted was sleep.

—DAVID LAMPE

Mama taught me it takes more than a towel to really get dry.

It's hard to imagine, but Harmon Killebrew was once a tiny little baby. After his bath, his mother would sprinkle JOHNSON'S Baby Powder all over his little body. That pure white powder would help dry up the moisture his towel left behind,

leaving Harmon cool and comfortable all over. It must have made a lasting impression. Because Harmon Killebrew still dries himself off with JOHNSON'S Baby Powder. It gets him drier than just a towel. And

helps him stay crisp and cool. JOHNSON'S Baby Powder. It keeps you comfortable whether you're a tiny little baby or a 210-pound 'Killer'.

JOHNSON'S Baby Powder.
It gets you drier than just your towel.



Johnson & Johnson

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 29-Sept. 3

AUTO RACING—EMERSON FITZPATRICK Jr. had a bad drive for Lotus in victory in Europe's richest race, the \$125,000 Rothmans 50,000 at Brands Hatch, England (see p. 55)

CHESS—BOBBY FISHER of the United States won the world championship from Boris Spassky of the U.S.S.R. 12½-8½ with a 40-move victory in the 21st game in Reykjavik, Iceland (Nov. 14).

POTBALL—Curt Krapke, the NFL's leading scorer last season, kicked 50- and 24-yard field goals in the fourth quarter to give **WASHINGTON** a 23-14 victory over **ATLANTA** on Sunday. Krapke kicked a total of 27-21 and 27-21 on Charles Leno's 60-yard and 27-yard runs. Mercury Martz, who is challenging for the starting quarterback job, threw a 10-yard touchdown and 79 yards in the second half for the winners. Philadelphia scored two games in six days, beating the Redskins 27-10 on Sunday and the **NEW YORK GIANTS** 25-12. The Bengals scored 24 in the second half against the Eagles, who were held to 14 points in the first half. The Redskins, all scored on short runs. **DENVER** defeated **INDIANAPOLIS** 24-10 in a game, Denverback Doug Flutie threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to tight end John Elway. **MINNESOTA** defeated **CHICAGO** 24-17. In Tampa in Atlanta it was **BUFFALO** blooded over **ATLANTA** 24-10. In the first half, Buffalo's Steve Watson threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to tight end Mike Anderson. **NEW YORK JETS** scored 20 in the first half, but lost 24-10 to the **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS**. In the second half, Seattle's Steve Watson threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to tight end Mike Anderson. **NEW YORK JETS** scored 20 in the first half, but lost 24-10 to the **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS**. In the second half, Seattle's Steve Watson threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to tight end Mike Anderson. **NEW YORK JETS** scored 20 in the first half, but lost 24-10 to the **SEATTLE SEAHAWKS**. In the second half, Seattle's Steve Watson threw a 20-yard touchdown pass to tight end Mike Anderson.

GOLF—VINNY GILES, 19, of Richmond won his first U.S. Amateur championship after several near-misses, shooting a one-over-par 285 at the Chiricahua (N.C.) Country Club and defeating Mark Hupkes of Oklahoma City and Ben Cronshaw of Austin, Texas by three strokes.

HARNESS RACING—Stanley Dancer drove SUPER BOWL to victory in two straight heats of the \$119,000 Hialeah Handicap, trotting augged race for 1-year-olds at Hialeah on Dec. 10. In the first heat, he timed it 1:27.1 and 1:58.1. In the second heat, he recorded two third world trotting marks in his two-year-old before Delvin Miller, Delmonico Blanton and Alvin the race it was announced that a syndicate formed by Hialeah News Service of Hialeah, Fla., had purchased the colt for \$1 million from owners Mrs. Dancer and Hilda Silverstein. Super Bowl will be retired to stud at the end of the season.

HOOKEY HUSSIA, with Valeri Kharlamov scoring two goals, defeated Team Canada 7-3 in the opener of the eight-game series between the two countries in Montreal (see JH).

HORSE RACING—SUSAN'S GIRL (54-29) maintaining her record of never finishing out of the money this year, won the \$55,400 Juvenile Handicap at Belmont Park by 1 1/2 lengths over Hennessey. Ridden by Laffie Pincus, Stewart's Girl made the 1/4 mile for a Superworld Ellis bet worth \$10.

CHOCOLATE (52½ lbs), the only filly in a field of 10, won the \$20,000 Fall Hushweight Handicap with Asha Rose aboard in two lengths over Sunscape at New York's Belmont Park. It was her sixth victory in 11 starts.

[illegible]

*******—MOSCOW** Dynamo, 10-time champions of the Soviet Union, defeated the New York Cosmos 2-1 before 13,205 in Hempstead, N.Y., to close out the U.S. phase of its North American tour with a 2-0-2 record. Its other victory came against Atlanta 1-0, and it was led by Balonov 2-1 and by the 1971 NASL Champion Dallas Tornado 2-0.

TUNED MARK KON of Great Britain upset second-seeded Sam Rostedt in the second round of the U.S. Open championship at Forest Hills. Jan Kruudy of Czechoslovakia, seeded eighth, was defeated by amateur ALEX MAYER JR. of Wayne, N.J., and ILIJ NASTASE of Romania was forced into a tie-breaker in the fifth set before winning his match with unseeded Roger Taylor of Great Britain. The only unexpected result was the victory of the 19-year-old Billie Jean King, Florida Grand Prix, Chris Evert and Margaret Court in the same tournament. For the best shot, see KAZUOKI SAWAMATSU (p. 10).

DEBUTS ACQUIRED By the Detroit Tigers, first baseman FRANK HOWARD 16, who has hit 160 home runs in his 15-year major league career but only using this season to go with a .244 batting average, from the Texas Rangers for the season price of \$20,000.

10-THIRD will include, for example, the ASSOCIATION OF TENNIS PROFESSIONALS, similar in purpose to golf's PGA and designed to give 56 of the world's tournament male players control over their own tournament. Amikb Achi, a spokesman for the group, said the players had already contributed personal funds to make up the prize money for a first tournament and that a tour director would be named.

RETIRED After a fall in which he broke a leg in Ipswich, England, **MILL REEF**, Paul Mellon's 4-year-old winner of the Epsom Derby, the French Prix de l'Arc, & Tremont, and more than \$730,000.

SUSPENDED By the San Diego Chargers, sometime Running Back DUANE THOMAS, for failing to report to camp ever since he was traded to the Chargers by the Dallas Cowboys more than a month ago. The suspension carries with it a \$150-a-day fine effective Aug. 28.

Comments

[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



ARNIE KVARNBERG, 19, of Seattle, pitched his team to victory in the Senior Babe Ruth World Series at Monroe, N.C. Undefeated in 32 decisions over three seasons, Kvarnberg set four series records, including most wins (3) and most strikeouts (28).



ROBERT LANGE JR., 14, of Boulder, Colo., placed first in eight consecutive heats to win the 35th All-American Soap Box Derby in Akron, Lange, who out-raced Bruce Crowe, 12, of Detroit in the finals, received a \$7,500 college scholarship for his victory.



ELMER HOHL, of Wellesley, Ontario, defeated defending champion Curt Day in a best-of-three-game playoff for the world horse-shoe championship in Grovesville, Ohio. Hohl, who threw 86 F. rings, had previously won the world title in 1965 and 1968.



VIRGINIA ALLEN, 55, won her 19th Syracus (N.Y.) Women's District Golf championship since 1933, when she was the tournament's first champion. A former state title, Mrs. Allen has taken her Bellevue Country Club championship every year since 1955.



WOODY WIDMOR, 28, a .500 hitter for the United Mine Workers baseball team of Blaine, Ohio, singled, doubled and tripled during an inning in which the UMW sent 21 men to bat and scored 16 runs. Widmor's team won the game 22-0 over Fairport, Ohio.



EVERETT BACON, a 1912 football All-America and member of the National Football Foundation Hall of Fame, celebrated his 82nd birthday by shooting 78 at the Madison Golf Club in East Hampton, N.Y., one of the 100 toughest courses in the country.

Feel the Black Velvet.

Indulge the easy mildness,
the delicate smoothness of
Black Velvet.

An imported Canadian
that honestly tastes better.

Black Velvet. The smooth
Canadian.



BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. 80-85 PROOF. IMPORTED BY H. J. HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

HOW TO GET CLOSE TO JOE NAMATH.

Every week, we'll put you next to all the great players. Smack in the center of the action. With yards of color pictures and reams of vivid game stories. But we do more than just capture the excitement on the field. Sports Illustrated goes deep. Behind the game. Into the locker rooms and skull sessions. Through the long nights of waiting. Down into the emotions and humanity and real-life lives of the players and coaches.

To stay close to the football greats and the great football, try a season with Sports Illustrated. 25 weeks for only \$3.95—our special, low, see-how-you-like-us rate.

But quick—mail the card today. Football 1972 is about to

kick off. kick off. kick off. kick off. kick off. kick off. kick off. kick off.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED / 25 WEEKS FOR \$3.95...

This offer is good in U.S. only. In Canada you may subscribe to 20 weeks of \$1 for \$6.00.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED/TIME & LIFE BUILDING/CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

POSITIVE THINKING

Sirs:

A few nights ago I was barely able to pick up a Detroit station and hear the Tigers snuff out a ninth-inning Oakland rally. Earlier in the afternoon I had seen Dick Allen, against the Yankees, hit a towering home run into the center-field bleachers of White Sox Park that almost decapitated Harry Caray, who was broadcasting out there. With the A's loss, the Sox took over first place.

The next morning I read William Leggett's article about the excitement filling the South Side of Chicago (*Happy Days Are Here Again*, Aug. 28). The cause of the excitement is simple. The Sox organization has brought us Chuck Tanner, a man who respects every individual player on his team and who loves the fans. The Sox have brought us Johnny Sain, who in turn has brought Wilbur Wood to a 20-game-winner status by letting him throw the pitch he has mastered. They have brought us Dick Allen, who has helped attract one million pennant-hungry fans to the gate so far this year. And, finally, they have brought us P.M.A.—positive mental attitude—which has all Sox fans believing the elusive pennant can be ours, and that we may even lay claim to a World Series title.

LINDA JAWORSKI

Steger, Ill.

Sirs:

Yes, it is true, the Chicago White Sox are alive and well and challenging in the American League West. William Leggett's article gives the Sox credit that they well deserve. There are not many teams that have come from last place to pennant contention in two years. But then, how can they lose with a scoreboard that has eyes?

DAVID KOSS

Chicago

Sirs:

I think Wilbur Wood deserves the Cy Young Award. Dick Allen should be the Most Valuable Player and Chuck Tanner is the only man deserving of Manager of the Year. Everyone now knows the White Sox are the first team in the Second City.

In reference to Dick Allen hitting all his homers before nine p.m., he broke the spell by hitting one in White Sox Park Tuesday, Aug. 22 at 9:48 p.m. before a crowd of 43,433 that gave him a standing ovation.

JUDY FUSS

East Chicago, Ind.

Sirs:

While it would be foolish to ignore the great individual contributions of Manager

Chuck Tanner and his superstars (Allen, Carlos May and Wood), I feel quite certain that the latter would be the first to acknowledge the input of their less publicized teammates—Pitching Coach Johnny Sain, the yoneman of the bullpen, superub Eddie Spiezio, Pat Kelly and all the others who have helped move the White Sox out of the doldrums. The '72 White Sox are winning games not because of a magical scoreboard in center field, as is often alleged, but because of a genuine team spirit that is the hallmark of the major league winner.

JOHN N. COLAS

Washington

Sirs:

The White Sox are chasing a pennant, and Allen and Wood are cinches to win the MVP and Cy Young awards. But William Leggett is way out in left field when he says, "The only place you'll find a genuine Cub fan is under a rock."

There are no rocks in the stands at Wrigley Field (although the Cubs have pulled more than a few in the field) and yet the Cubs' paid home attendance exceeded the White Sox' attendance 1,041,990 to 1,016,828 as of Aug. 24.

More significantly, these figures are for 54 White Sox home dates compared to only 51 Cub home games. And let's not forget that the Cubs still play only day games, have had only two home doubleheaders and play in a much smaller park.

The White Sox may have a winner but the Cubs have real fans.

ROBERT J. BREIDENZER

Arlington Heights, Ill.

Sirs:

Congratulations on a fine article on the White Sox. However, the constant suggestion that no one in the American League East wants first place is uncalled for. The fact that the top four teams in the division are all just a few games over .500 leads me to the conclusion that it is a very well-balanced division.

If only 3½ games separated the first four teams in either division of the National League, the race would be called the most exciting in baseball—no matter what the percentages.

TONY LEE

New York City

DETROIT'S TURN

Sirs:

According to your weekly baseball section the Detroit Tigers have been in first place in the American League East 12 out of the 18 weeks since the deferred opening of the baseball season. During this period

you have featured major stories on the Athletics (2), Pirates (2), Mets (2), White Sox (2), Dodgers, Indians, Astros, Yankees, Reds and Orioles. On the cover have been members of the White Sox, Cardinals, Dodgers, Mets, Pirates and Yankees. Your coverage of the league-leading Tigers has been limited to a small article on our great shortstop and third-base combination of Eddie Brinkman and Aurelio Rodriguez.

My point is not that Detroit is anywhere near to being the "best damn team in baseball." Regrettably, the Tigers have had their troubles this year. Nevertheless, their presence at the top of the American League East is certainly established, and SI's feat of all but totally ignoring them is remarkable, not to say incomprehensible and loathsome to Detroit fans.

MELANIE TOBIN

Birmingham, Mich.

PHILLY'S HOPE

Sirs:

In Philadelphia the 76ers are depressed, the Flyers are threatened, the Blazers are involved in lawsuits, the Eagles are losing (already), the Phillies are forgotten and Steve Carlton is winning (*Imagination, It's Fantasy*, Aug. 21).

Billy Cunningham has a new home, Bobby Clarke and Doug Favell must draw the fans, Derek Sanderson and John McKenzie must win in court, the Eagles must learn to play football, the Phils' front office is dead, and Steve Carlton is still winning.

Jack Ramney has left, Fred Shero doesn't have good players, John McKenzie may be lost, Ed Khayat is questionable, Frank Lucchesi is lost, Paul Owens should get lost, and Steve Carlton goes on winning.

Can a winner among all those losers win the Cy Young and MVP awards?

Thank you for recognizing this brilliant pitcher in time. Maybe there is hope in Philadelphia, for one man at least.

JANE CANNON

Reedsville, Pa.

FELLOW TRAVELLERS

Sirs:

Congratulations on your Aug. 28 issue, one of the finest I have ever read. The article about driving to Munich (*Going From Bad to Worse*) was as funny as the one you printed before the Mexico City Olympics on the same subject, and the other Olympic coverage was great.

JEFF JACON

Latherville, Md.

Sirs:

Why do you keep doing it? Telling people not to drive in Europe. Jonathan

continued



Get it on

Get up, get out and get it on! In the brash new Pedwins. Notched soles, knob toes and heels built up just right for flares. Most Pedwin styles \$15 to \$24, selected styles to \$30.*

To find your nearest store (within the U.S.), dial free 800-243-6000. In Connecticut, 1-800-882-6500.

Pedwin

Rhoades' is one of the worst, if not the worst, of such stories.

Last September I drove almost 4,000 miles in a little stick-shift Opel Kadett, made most of the major passes in the Alps and drove down one side of Italy and up the other. I also drove around in Rome. It was easy and fun. This being my first trip to Europe, and since I was going alone, I studied maps and signs before leaving home.

I am 56, and my few gray hairs were not acquired in Europe. Everyone was kind and helpful. I spoke only English, drank tap water, ate everything and thoroughly enjoyed the whole five-week trip.

LILLIAN HITCHCOCK

Bartlesville, Okla.

Sirs:

I have logged more than 20,000 miles as a driver and passenger while visiting each country upon which Jonathan Rhoades has so whimsically passed judgment. The qualifications of the author are left to the reader's imagination. Never in my travels have I been cursed, beaten or forced from the road onto an Alpine precipice by the irate driver of a slower vehicle, nor brought to a screeching halt by a goatherd and his charges or a country bumpkin straddling the center stripe.

Under the thin and tasteless cloak of humor, with a modicum of questionable statistics simmered in a stew of third-hand hearsay evidence, Mr. Rhoades has concocted a rather crude affront to an entire continent.

BRIAN M. BYRNE

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

I returned recently from more than 30 months in Europe (courtesy of the U.S. Army) and more than 60,000 miles of driving. Jonathan Rhoades' article brought back many nightmarish experiences that I thought I had forgotten. My VW looked like a St. Christopher memorial, until he went out of vogue. I fared better than most, though—may I scratch. But my hair needs a tint to hide the gray, my elbows act up at the mention of *Autobahn*, and my pacemaker skips a little when I see flashing headlights—and I'm only 25.

JOHN C. OGASARE

Bellevue, Wash.

Sirs:

May I offer my congratulations to Jonathan Rhoades for having survived the world's ultimate test of manhood (or womanhood)—driving through Europe, and specifically in Germany, Austria and Switzerland. I lived in Bavaria for 3½ years and I am proud to say that I came through it with two dented fenders and only minor emotional trauma. I can substantiate almost every tale housed in Rhoades' report. But I

continued

Safety first.



Gillette Techmatic.

It's tough on your beard.
Not on your face.

©1972, The Gillette Company, Boston, Mass.

Sudden death won't kill your eyes.

Sudden death overtake extra miles in two night doubleheaders, no strain. You can keep your eyes glued to your Nikon binoculars through the whole thing without tiring. Because Nikon prism optics are so accurately and permanently aligned that your eyes are never strained or fatigued. This is a little known advantage of the optics over ordinary binoculars. Nikon Ultra Compact binoculars - barely bigger than opera glasses, but a lot more powerful. And they're as bright in daylight as the hottest

most expensive glasses. Available in 8x18, 7x21 and 8x24 beginning at under \$67 with case. At Nikon camera dealers and selected optical departments. Nikon Inc., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. A Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries Inc. (EPI) (In Germany) Anglaphot Ltd. P.O.



Nikon Ultra Compact Binoculars



Helps Shrink Painful Swelling Of Hemorrhoidal Tissues Caused By Inflammation And Infection

Also Gives Prompt, Temporary Relief in Many Cases from Pain and Burning Itch in Such Tissues.

There's an exclusive medication which actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. And in many cases it gives prompt relief for hours from rectal itching and pain in such tissues.

Tests by doctors on patients showed

while it gently relieved such pain, it also helped reduce swelling of these tissues.

The medication used in the tests was Preparation H[®]. No prescription is needed for Preparation H[®] in ointment or suppository form.

delightful Frenchys wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

Come out ahead on a Kawasaki.

Little HOPE

Every child should have a chance to enjoy a book like this. A HOPE in the world today.



PROJECT HOPE

World Hunger Campaign

19TH HOLE

am surprised he neglected to mention one of the European motorist's most fiendish road foes, the infamous "honeywagon."

These relatively innocent-looking wagons, with their long wooden tanks filled with liquid fertilizer, prowled the roads in Bavaria at all hours. Usually piloted by some crusty old farmer (or the crusty old farmer's crusty old wife), they can be easily detected by the alert driver because of the telltale trail they leave behind.

Perhaps the most horrid accident I ever witnessed came one fine spring afternoon when a Volkswagen bus loaded with nuns from a nearby convent plowed into the rear of one of these loaded vehicles. Luckily, no one was injured, but I heard later that it took six months to fumigate the bus and its occupants.

RON YARIS
Reporter

Chicago Tribune
Chicago

Sirs:

German traveling the roads from "Bad to Worst" know that right-of-way privileges are written into Mercedes-Benz sales contracts.

LEON I. MEUSWEN

Minich

DRAGSTERS

Sirs,

I must extend a most sincere thanks to Hugh Whall for the great article on drag racing (200 *Plus on the Loose* Prose, Aug. 21). Although more people come out to see the Funny Cars than the Top Fuelers, I still agree with Mr. Whall's statement, "Everyone in drag racing knows that the odds of winning the world title are tough, no matter what the division."

WILLIAM MELTZER

Lakewood, N.J.

Sirs,

Hugh Whall must have come straight from Holstebro, N.E. to write the article on the National Hot Rod Association's Western Conference meeting in Albuquerque. After reading his description of the setting for the races, I felt as if Billy the Kid was about to come riding up that "lone dirt road" any second and tie his horse to the grandstand. It was obvious Mr. Whall came into town, did the article and left without even seeing this "Cowboy Music Classic" of a town. It just proves you can't believe anything you read anymore.

CHRISTINE SMITH

Albuquerque

Address editorial mail to **BOOKS ILLUSTRATED**,
First & 1st Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, N.Y. 10020.

**This charcoal
filter gives you
better tasting
water.**



**This charcoal
filter gives you
better tasting
cigarettes.**



**Filter for better taste the Tareyton way
with activated charcoal.**

Enjoy better tasting tap water with an activated charcoal water filter. Get this \$12.99 value water filter for just \$5.00 and two Tareyton wrappers.

Send check or money order (no cash) to: Water Filter, Dept. 21,
P.O. Box 4486, Chicago, Ill. 60677. Offer expires June 30, 1973.
Offer limited to residents of U.S.

Enjoy the mild taste of Tareyton with the Activated Charcoal Filter.
King Size or 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size and 100 mm. 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette. FTC Report April '72

ZENITH INTRODUCES THE COMPLETE COLOR TV

It has everything you want, including a picture even brighter
and sharper than famous Zenith Chromacolor.



Introducing
the sparkling picture
with 38' diagonal screen
that appears in a wide extension
of other top-quality styles.
Superb TV picture.



Warranty
If your Zenith solid-state 25" (diagonal) color TV doesn't perform satisfactorily, due to a more lasting defect—the cost to replace or repair this feature, including labor, will be paid by Zenith Radio Corporation. This labor is to be performed by a Zenith dealer or servicing company.
This warranty covers a period of one year from the date you purchased the TV, and applies only to original consumer purchases.
The picture tube is warranted for 2 years from date of purchase.
Labor to install the replacement tube is covered during first year of warranty.
Minority does not cover get installation, adjustment of color control, and replacement or repair of antenna system.

New Super Chromacolor Picture Tube

Zenith has discovered a way to enlarge the color dot area, and still fully illuminate every dot on a black background. To bring you a giant screen color picture that is even brighter and sharper than the famous Chromacolor picture that set a new standard of excellence in color TV.

100% Solid-State Chassis

Zenith's new solid-state chassis features plug-in Dura Modules. They control key set functions, such as color, picture quality, and stability. And each Dura Module is pre-tested, then tested again in the set, for long life and dependability. There are no tubes to burn out.

One-button Color Tuning

Zenith's new Chromatic Tuning controls picture brightness, contrast, tint, color level and flesh tones. If someone mistakes the color, the touch of a finger returns it perfectly, instantly.

A Full Year Warranty

Zenith's new warranty covers the cost of all parts and service for one year. And the new Super Chromacolor picture tube is warranted for 2 years, labor covered for the first year.

Zenith Quality and Dependability

Most important of all, you get the kind of built-in quality and dependability that have made Zenith world famous. We call this reputation for excellence Zenith confidence: knowing you can't buy a better TV.

We are determined to keep this confidence. If a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations, we want to hear from you.

Write directly to the Vice President, Customer Relations, at Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60639. We want the opportunity to give your problem our personal attention. At Zenith, the quality goes in before the name goes on.

ZENITH SUPERCHROMACOLOR

See "Zenith Presents A Salute to Television's 25th Anniversary," Sept. 10th, ABC TV, 9:30 11:00 p.m., EDT.